

The Musical World.

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VOL. 47—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
6d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA," a Sacred Cantata, by Professor Sterndale Bennett, will be performed. Vocalists: Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. MANNS.
Admission 2s. 6d. or by Guinea Season Tickets. Reserved stalls 2s. 6d. at the Palace and Exeter Hall.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—NEXT
FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Middle. Carola, Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. L. Thomas, Signor Foli. Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper. Full Orchestra of the Crystal Palace Company. Full Band of Royal Artillery. Great Festival Organ. Conductor, Mr. MANNS.—Oper from Nine till Nine. Extra trains from all London stations. For various Excursions, see time bills of each railway company.
Note.—Shilling Day. Reserved Seats issued on Monday.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—
Conductor, MR. COSTA. WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 24th, the THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL PASSION-WEEK PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." Principal Vocalists:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. Trumpet obligato, Mr. T. Harper. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and Stalls 10s. 6d. each, at 8, Exeter Hall.
Note.—For this performance the Committee are enabled to issue a larger number of 3s. and 5s. tickets than usual, but immediate application is necessary to secure them.

EXETER HALL.—"MESSIAH."—MONDAY, MARCH
22nd, Passion-Week Performance, by NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Principal Vocalists—Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Palmer; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Denbigh Newton, and Mr. Lander. Organist—Mr. J. G. Boardman. Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper. Commence at Half-past Seven. Tickets, 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s.—Offices, 14, 15, Exeter Hall (first floor).

ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT ST. & PICCADILLY.

MR. W. H. TILLA (Pupil of Signor SANGIOVANNI, Maestro di Canto del Conservatorio, Milano) has the honour to announce that he will give a

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

ON
TUESDAY, 20th APRIL,

(And will sing for the first time in St. James's Hall since his arrival from Italy) on which occasion he will be assisted by the following Artists:—

Vocalists:

MADAME PYNE-BODDA, MISS EDITH WYNNE, & MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.
THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION
(Conducted by Mr. EDWARD LAND).

MR. LEWIS THOMAS AND MR. W. H. TILLA.

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All letters respecting engagements to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. ARTHUR KENTCHEN (Baritone) will be at liberty to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Ballad Concerts, etc., after March 1st. Communications to be addressed to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for full or small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. Ganz's residence, 37, Golden Square.

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HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

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MISS JULIA ELTON, MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR,

MR. SIMS REEVES, AND HERR CARL STEPAN.

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MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at St. James's Hall, April 12th.

MISS THEED respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of pupils.—5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS ABBOTT will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in aid of the Funds of the Victoria Hospital, at Chelsea Vestry Hall, on March 31st.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON begs to announce her REMOVAL to 54, ST. ANN'S ROAD, BRIXTON ROAD, S., where all communications for Engagements or Lessons may be addressed.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing at St. George's Hall, March 19th; Brixton, April 5th; Ventnor, 7th and 9th (Messiah); Fockham, 12th; Brixton, 19th; Reigate, 29th (Bennett's May Queen, and Mozart's Mass).

MDLE. ROSE HERSEE begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, etc.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone) begs to announce his return from Italy, and requests that all communications relative to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR ALFRED JAELL will arrive in London, April 18th.—Apply to Messrs. ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough Street, W.

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MR. VAN PRAAG,
GENERAL CONCERT AGENT, &c.

MR. VAN PRAAG begs respectfully to inform Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession, that, having had the honour of submitting his annual circular last year, acquainting them that he still continues to undertake the management of CONCERTS, MATINEES, and SOIREEs, and superintending his agency under their notice.

Mr. VAN PRAAG flatters himself, after his great many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, he may be again favoured with their commands.

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THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA, W. S. BENNETT'S Sacred Cantata, will be performed at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, THIS DAY. Folio Scores and Separate Pieces at all the Principal Music-sellers, at the Palace, and of the Publishers,

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(BALLAD).

Composed by **BESSIE L'EVESQUE.**

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SCHIRA'S Vocal Waltz, "IL BALLO," Valse Brillante, for Voice and Piano, composed expressly for and dedicated to Mdle. Liebhart by F. SCHIRA, is published, price 4s., by
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.
The above charming Waltz has been sung with distinguished success by Mdle. Liebhart.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

(Concluded from page 100).

We return to Dr Kreisle's book for the sake of Mr. George Grove's appendix—as interesting a record of persevering search and happy discovery as any of which musical history speaks. This is true apart from the subject matter. Mr. Grove is so full of enthusiasm that the very words he uses and the reader who reads them become infected. Well, who does not like to meet with enthusiasm, whatever may be the risk of contagion. "Enthusiasm," said Lord Lytton, "is the genius of sincerity," and sincerity is something yet in the world. We should value a man who goes heart and soul into a good cause for the love of it. He has the secret which the lute of Orpheus allegorizes, and may do much. Mr. Grove fascinates his reader at the beginning. Mark the tone of his opening paragraph:—

"On the 5th October, 1867, I had the happiness to find myself for the first time in Vienna. It was a place which I had looked forward to, almost hopelessly, as a kind of El Dorado, for years. I was with one of my best friends, and the object of my visit was as dear and congenial to me as possible. Could I have been more happily situated?"

Undoubtedly not, particularly as the object alluded to was the obtaining "some of the great orchestral works of Franz Schubert." This end was not only dear to Mr. Grove's heart, but to the hearts of very many others, and he had in view therefore the conferring not less than the receiving pleasure.

The first suggestion of the Crystal Palace secretary's mission is due to the catalogue at the end of Dr. Kreisle's book. Reading this in 1865, Mr. Grove was especially attracted by the *Rosamunde* music, of which only the overture was then known. To put himself in communication with the Viennese publisher, Spina, and obtain everything possible was easy work. But everything possible was not all. Certain orchestral accompaniments were missing, "Mr. Spina had not got them, and could not tell who had." Of course Mr. Grove fretted about the incompleteness of his work; but probably thought it hardly worth while journeying to Vienna on its account. The stimulus even to such an effort was, however, speedily forthcoming. One by one, more Schubert novelties arrived in this country (always going first to the Crystal Palace as their congenial home); the overtures to *Alfonso and Estrella* and *Pierrabras* being followed in succession by the "Italian" overture in C and the fragmentary symphony in B minor. This last settled the question. Mr. Grove turned to Kreisle's catalogue and read of nine symphonies, only two of which were known in England. He "eagerly asked everyone—M. Joachim, Madame Schumann, and others—for information as to the rest of the symphonies, but without success; no one had seen them or knew anything about them." This was more than human nature—or, rather, such human nature as distinguishes the Crystal Palace secretary—could stand; so Mr. Grove packed his portmanteau, and in company with Mr. Arthur Sullivan, set out for the city of the great masters to search for himself. Reaching the end of his journey, he—but we had better let him tell the story:—

"At Vienna, then, we arrived on October the 5th, and our first care was to make the acquaintance of Dr. Schneider. This we were enabled to do through the kindness and tact of Mr. Spina, who proved himself in every way a valuable friend. Dr. Schneider's office, or chambers (for he is a barrister in full practice) is in the Tuchlauben. First, there is the spacious outer room, or clerks' office; then, behind it, Dr. Schneider's own sanctum, and in a roomy cupboard in this are contained the treasures which we had come to seek. We had sent our letters of introduction before us, and on calling found the doctor ready to receive us, with the books on the table before him. A quarter of an hour's conversation was sufficient to put us perfectly *en rapport*, and I soon had the scores of the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth of Schubert's symphonies in my hands. . . . I took my treasures to a table by the window in the clerks' office, and worked quietly at them till I had got all that I was able. What that was my readers shall now know."

Mr. Grove then proceeds to give a brief account of each symphony, illustrated by music type. In what an interesting manner he does this no one familiar with the Crystal Palace Saturday programmes will require telling. To his observations upon the works now known in England we need not allude, but what is said about others must interest everybody. The first symphony, "possibly not the actual first, but the earliest yet known," is in D, and was written in 1813, when Schubert, a lad of sixteen, still lived at the Konvikt. Like most of its successors, it opens with a brief *adagio*, which leads to an *allegro vivace* of remarkable length. Schubert's disinclination to stop manifested itself thus early, the movement having 538 bars, without counting repeats, or 21 bars more than the corresponding movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral*. "Pretty well for a beginner," observes Mr. Grove, and we agree with him. Symphony No. 2 (in B flat), exists, like its predecessor, in the autograph MS. It was commenced Dec. 10, 1814, and finished March 24, 1815, which is nearly all we are told of its history. From

the themes printed by Mr. Grove we can, however, get a glimpse of pleasant melodies and charmingly simple treatment. The third symphony (in D) was begun May 24, 1815, and completed July 19 following. A marked advance is clearly shown by the extracts. Evidently the young composer was rapidly growing confident in himself and his work. Passing over No. 4 (the Tragic) which has been heard at the Crystal Palace, we stop at the still unknown No. 5 in B flat. "The autograph of this symphony," says Mr. Grove, "appears also not to be forthcoming at present. I, at any rate, have only approached within two removes of it. A copy of the score and parts is in possession of the Musik-Verein of Vienna, and during my visit they were in the keeping of Mr. Herbeck, the Court Capellmeister and conductor of the concerts of the Verein. Mr. Herbeck was good enough to show me the parts and from them I extracted the themes." This work is written for an orchestra without clarinets, trumpets, or drums. It is, moreover, shorter than the rest, and was "probably composed for some amateur or provincial orchestra." Of its merits we may hope soon to judge for ourselves, Mr. Herbeck having permitted a copy to be taken, and a performance at the Crystal Palace being merely a question of time. No. 6 (in C major), is the one lately brought out under Mr. Mann's direction. We pass it, therefore, to notice No. 7, the sketch spoken of by Dr. Kreisle as presented to Mendelssohn in 1845 by the composer's brother. For a knowledge of this unfinished work we are again indebted to Mr. Grove, who hunted the manuscript down with the relentlessness of a sleuth-hound, and at last got hold of his prize. "I had imagined," he observes, "a sketch of the nature of Beethoven's"—two or three leaves of paper covered with disjointed memoranda. Judge of my astonishment and delight when, on undoing the parcel, I found a whole symphony in forty-four sheets! We learn that a portion is fully scored, and that the indications given throughout each movement fully convey the composer's ideas. Mr. Grove earnestly trusts "that some means may before long be found of restoring this lost treasure to the world." That is to say, he hopes a competent hand will finish what Schubert has begun. So do we; but where is the hand sufficient for the thing? Concerning Nos. 8 and 9, both being well known, we need say nothing.

By this time we have nearly forgotten the *Rosamunde* music, upon which Mr. Grove had set his heart. He, however, kept it well in mind even while rolling, so to speak, in manuscript symphonies. But all his researches were vain, down to nearly the last day of sojourning in Vienna. Neither Dr. Schneider, nor Dr. Spina, nor anybody else, knew aught of the missing accompaniments. One afternoon, however, Mr. Grove lighted upon his treasure, and, as we read his glowing story, it is impossible not to feel a portion of the writer's joy. Here is the tale at full length, for any abridgment would be to spoil the whole:—

"It was Thursday afternoon, and we proposed to leave on Saturday for Prague. We made a final call on Dr. Schneider, to take leave and repeat our thanks, and also, as I now firmly believe, guided by a special instinct. The doctor was civility itself; he again had recourse to the cupboard, and showed us some treasures which had escaped us before. I again turned the conversation to the *Rosamunde* music; he believed that he had at one time possessed a copy or sketch of it all. Might I go into the cupboard and look for myself? Certainly, if I had no objection to being smothered with dust. In I went, and after some search, during which my companion kept the doctor engaged in conversation, I found, at the bottom of the cupboard, and in its farthest corner, a bundle of music-books two feet high, carefully tied round, and black with the undisturbed dust of nearly half a century. It was like the famous scene at the monastery of Souriani, on the Natron lakes, so well described by Mr. Curzon:—'Here is a box!' exclaimed the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust; 'we have found a box, and a heavy one too.' 'A box!' shouted the blind abbot, who was standing in the outer darkness of the oil cellar—'a box! where is it?' 'Bring it out! Bring out the box! Heaven be praised! we have found a treasure! Lift up the box! Pull out the box!' shouted the monks in various tones of voice. We were hardly less vociferous than the monks, when we had dragged out the bundle into the light, and found that it was actually neither more nor less than what we were in search of. Not Dr. Cureton, when he made his truly romantic discovery of the missing leaves of the Syriac Eusebius, could have been more glad or more grateful than I was at this moment. For these were the part-books of the whole of the music in *Rosamunde*, tied up after the second performance, in December, 1823, and probably never disturbed since. Dr. Schneider must have been amused at our excitement; but let us hope that he recollected his own days of rapture; at any rate he kindly overlooked it, and gave us permission to take it away with us and copy what we wanted, and I now felt that my mission to Vienna had not been fruitless."

"When I take a humour of a thing once," said Ben Jonson, "I am like a tailor's needle—I go through." Surely this may be said of Mr. Grove with reference to Schubert. In the foregoing picture we see him safely "throug h," and so far from being amused at his rapture, it has our heartiest sympathy.

We must give yet another quotation from this interesting appendix,

because, in the first place, we agree with it, and, next, because we admire its impetuous eloquence. In his last paragraph Mr. Grove thus eulogizes the composer whose genius he has so well helped to make known:—

"As for Schubert, his place in the world is certain. Whether his symphonies and operas are published and performed now, or twenty years later, is not of much importance to his fame. He can afford to wait. They will assuredly be done some day or other, and then the world will find out what it has lost by waiting so long, and wonder that it did not recognize its jewel sooner. Certainly, what poor Schubert said was right, that the music that was the fruit of his distress had given the world most pleasure; and the world seems to have known it, for it kept him in his poverty and harass and disappointment, till he died of it. Good God! it makes one's blood boil to think of so fine and rare a genius, one of the ten or twelve topmost men in the world, in want of even the common necessities of life. Failure, disappointment, depreciation, and such like shocks and wounds of the heart and soul, these are the necessary accompaniments of a fine intellect and a sensitive heart; but to want the ordinary comforts and amenities of life, to want bread! is too dreadful to think of. And yet such troubles have been the lot of all the great men from David downwards: only Schubert's was peculiarly hard, for he had all the struggles of youth and none of the repose of age. He died on the rapids, before he came to the broad, smooth, sunny water—before it was even in sight. He, too, like David, 'ate ashes for bread, and mingled his drink with weeping;' but, unlike David, God took him away 'in the midst of his days,' and he never came into the 'large room,' and 'the goodly heritage,' that would have made up for his early troubles. Made up?—a rash word! No doubt there is compensation in all things: some there must be, or such trials could not be survived. And as the three holy children, even in the very crisis of their fate, when they fell down bound and helpless in the fire, had the angel at their side, and found the 'midst of the furnace as it had been a moist whistling wind,' and then intoned their glorious hymn, so there are doubtless some alleviations even in the fiery trials which Schubert and Beethoven underwent—alleviations of which those who have not their genius can never taste the sweets. At any rate, we profit by the struggles of the heroes, and drink at our leisure and our ease the rich wine that they trod out with so much toil and so many tears. Honour and love to them all! and honour and love in a special degree to our last and our dearest—FRANZ SCHUBERT."

To which no lover of the beautiful and true in art will refuse his "Amen."

THEODORUS EGG.

THE LAST THIRTY MONTHS OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S LIFE.*

After the non-success of his *Euryanthe* at Vienna (25th October, 1823),† Weber returned, completely shattered to Dresden. His pulse had increased; a feverish agitation guided all his actions; and he had fallen away in flesh. But, what was more, his creative powers seemed annihilated, and from Marienbad, a watering-place where he had gone to restore his strength, he wrote: "I have not, whether I am, either music-paper or a piano, and I do not feel the want of them; it really appears to me that I might just as well have been a tailor as a musician!"

Now, it must not be thought that this was one of those pieces of vapouring to which men of genius are sometimes subject! The proof of the contrary is to be found in the fact that—incredible as it may be—fourteen months separated the last note of *Euryanthe* from the first note of *Oberon*; fourteen long months, during which Weber composed nothing, except a romance, inspired by the following circumstances.

In the summer of 1824, he received a visit from a very agreeable person, the Chevalier de Cussy, who was commissioned by the management of the Paris Opera to ask him to compose a work expressly for that establishment, and to come and conduct it himself.—Let the reader observe, for the honour of our country, always so eager to acknowledge and salute genius, no matter to what nation it belongs—let the reader observe, I say, that this was the second time a proposition of the same kind had been made to the author of the patriotic songs inspired by Körner's

* From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

† The editor of the *Guide Musical* observes: "*Euryanthe*, we are obliged to confess the cruel truth, was a failure, though it proved afterwards successful. Weber, alas! did not, however, witness this tardy, but complete reparation. At the present day, all the theatres in Germany think their honour concerned in their performing *Euryanthe*; railery and indifference have been succeeded by admiration and respect.

"On two different occasions a German company has attempted to make the Parisians understand *Euryanthe*. A translation, in which Nourrit, Levasseur, and Madame Damoreau sung, was given at the Grand Opera (6th April, 1831), and the Théâtre Lyrique, in its turn, produced a version, the 1st September, 1837."

verses!—Let us note this fact, let us engrave it in our memory, and let it be inscribed in the Book of Gold of our artistic history.

Weber joyfully welcomed the proposals of the Chevalier de Cussy, and composed for him, to French words, the romance, "*Du moins je te voyais*," of which we have already spoken. He became enthusiastic at the thought of the Paris Opera, unrivalled in the world, which appeared to him, in all its magic splendour, as though in a dream, and the French stage was nearly having the honour of producing a new work by Weber. Unfortunately, at the same time that M. de Cussy was in negotiation with him, Weber received a letter from Charles Kemble, the manager of Covent Garden, and its purport was well calculated to inflict a grave check on Paris. The fact is, Charles Kemble not only requested Weber to compose a work for London, and to come and conduct it, as well as *Der Freischütz*, and *Preciosa*, but he begged him to fix his own terms, to which he (Kemble) agreed beforehand. Weber hesitated a long time between London and Paris; he could not make up his mind, and we may console ourselves with the fact that it was to the persistent solicitations of his friends that he gave the preference to Kemble. Perhaps, too, he was peculiarly influenced by Kemble's wanting a very German subject, such as *Faust*, or *Oberon*.

Whoever knows the *Oberon* of Wieland—that inexhaustible storyteller—will not be astonished at Weber's choice; for, though inspired by the marvellous adventures of *Huon de Bordeaux*, the tale combines the mystic colouring and the spirit characterizing the German nation. Weber selected, therefore, *Oberon*, the transformation of which into an opera-libretto was confided to the English author, J. R. Planché.

That gentleman immediately set to work, so that Weber received the first act the very day which terminated the sterile year, 1824, and the two following acts in the course of January, 1825. The arrival of these packets caused him to wake up from the torpor in which he had been languishing for fourteen long months; he regained his ardour for work; his inspiration returned, and he rapidly sketched out, one after the other, the grand air for Huon in the first act, the first chorus of elves, *Oberon's* grand air, and the majestic concerted piece, "*Fame, the Brave requiting*." Besides this, he arranged, for an Edinburgh publisher, ten Scotch songs, as the great Haydn had done before him. He then relapsed into his morbid apathy, and for six months did not write another note of *Oberon*.

These six months were not, however, completely lost; there is no doubt that he worked mentally, according to his custom, for we find that he afterwards wrote his work in a short space of time; he then set about studying the English language, which he thenceforth spoke very correctly; in the interim, too, he spent a season at Ems, to the waters of which place he had recourse to gain health, and the strength that accompanies it.

Scarcely had he returned from this trip, before he again set to work. On the 8th September he began scoring; on the 11th he had terminated No. 1 (the Chorus of Elves and the Introduction), and, on the 19th, the *finale* of the first act. To the date of the 6th October belongs one of the gems of the score, *Fatima's arietta*, "*A lowly Arab maid*," and to a few days later the following quartet, "*Over the dark blue Waters*," and, lastly, to the same month of October, *Rezia's grand scena* in E flat (from the 18th to the 16th); the air, with chorus, "*Spirits of air, and earth, and sea*" (the 22nd); the chorus of Turks, "*Fame, the Brave requiting*" (23rd); and the celebrated march, which bears the date of October the 23rd.

With this last fragment the labours of composition marking the year 1823 came to a close. The month of November was entirely taken up by administrative duties, and, in the early part of December, Weber set out for Berlin, where his *Euryanthe* was at last going to be performed. He superintended with great care the preparations for the representation, for which he wrote the pretty *pas de cinq*, that throws so pleasing a diversity over the action. At Berlin, as at Vienna, *Euryanthe* achieved at first a great success, and it was on this very occasion that Count von Lüttichau, the Intendant-General at Dresden, who happened to be passing through Berlin, and witnessed the ovations paid to his *Capellmeister*, pronounced the memorable words: "Dear me, Weber, are you then really a great man!" But at Berlin, as at Vienna, scarcely had the composer left the town than the favour of the public deserted his work, which really seemed destined to prove always unfortunate. What a difference between the triumphal march of *Der Freischütz* throughout Germany, and the successive failures of a work now recognized by the whole world as one of the master's best, as one of those most highly inspired, and as one worthy of the place it occupies in the admirable trilogy entitled *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, *Oberon*!

Weber returned to Dresden for New Year's Day, the last he was destined to spend with his family. He had made haste to arrive by that date, for he felt that his days were numbered, and it was his wish to get up *Oberon* in London, to remodel it for Germany—time did not allow his doing so—and to return and die beside his own hearth, after having provided for those belonging to him.

Weber had lived simply, without a doubt, but he had certain expen-

live tastes: horses, good cheer, and antique hospitality. His salary, combined with the profits, which (for the period) were rather considerable, from his works, had enabled him to gratify these tastes, and to maintain a fitting position in the society of Dresden, but, with the exception of certain savings which had escaped bad investments, he possessed no fortune, and it was to realize the money he so ardently desired, and which was so necessary, that he looked forward with such eagerness to the moment of leaving for England.

The terms proposed by Mr. Kemble could not, however, fail to be regarded as very small in comparison to the "golden bridges" constructed in those days for the artists invited to visit England. The fact is, Kemble offered him fifteen hundred pounds for the entire possession (rights of performance and of publication) of *Oberon* in England. He, also, made him sign an engagement to direct oratorios at Covent Garden, at the rate of two hundred pounds a concert. It was not till after he reached London—when it was too late—that Weber discovered he might have doubled, and even tripled his demands, and then only be recompensed at the same tariff as artists of much less reputation than himself.*

Being obliged, by the stipulations of his agreement, to be in London in the early part of February, Weber turned to the best advantage the little leisure still left him. For the date of the 10th January, we find the duet of Sherasmin and Fatima in the third act. This was followed, a few days afterwards, by the trio in the third act, and the ballet; at the same time, he scored for several hours, every day, and reduced the score for the piano. Would anyone believe this to be the work of a man who was dying?

And yet he was dying! Illusion was no longer possible. He who had once been so gay, so enlivening, whose presence animated every circle, was growing sadder day by day, and his sadness was the morbid sadness which is the precursor of death. He was sinking. Seeing that his illness was getting worse, and certain, unfortunately, that there was no more hope, his friends endeavoured to make him give up the journey; but Weber, who, for a very good reason, alas, built all his hopes upon his voluntary expatriation, would not listen to their representations; he even grew angry if the subject was touched upon, or, taking his friend's hand between his own, said: "Whether I go, or whether I do not go, I shall be *gone* altogether in a year; now, if I go to England, my wife and my children will have something to eat when I am dead, whereas, if I stop here, they will suffer from hunger." He would then add: "If I could only return and embrace them before I die! As God wills!—but to die yonder—Ah! that would be horrible!" Under the influence of these sombre presentiments, he set his affairs in order, and confided his will to the custody of some devoted friends. Every step he took was taken in order that his wife might not be subjected to the annoyances so frequent under similar melancholy circumstances.

The day of his departure arrived. On the 5th February, Weber bade farewell to his orchestra, after a performance of *Der Freischütz*. The artists had prepared a song of adieu, but, when they attempted to execute it, their voices, overcome by grief, stopped short, and it was in the midst of a funeral silence, interrupted by sobs, that Weber shook hands with the members of the orchestra for the last time. What shall we say of the heart-rending farewell, which preceded his departure at home? Mad with grief, his wife fell down fainting, exclaiming, when she heard them close the door of the carriage which carried him away: "Good God! Good God! It is his coffin I hear them nailing down!"

For the last time he had bid farewell to all he loved; for the first time he quitted his beloved Germany, never to behold it again, though its soil was destined subsequently to receive and keep his cherished mortal remains.

EDMOND NEUKOMM.

MEININGEN.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has conferred the Medal for Merit in Art and Science on Herr Leopold Grützacher, first violinist in the orchestra here.

* Everyone would, of course, be delighted had Weber obtained more, but no impartial person can deny that Mr. Charles Kemble behaved very liberally, and by no means merits the sneer which is implied, if not directly expressed, in M. Neukomm's article. At any rate, liberal as M. Neukomm would represent them to be, the terms of the English manager (a private gentleman) were evidently more lucrative than those offered by M. de Cussy, for the Grand Opera, Paris (a national establishment); otherwise, it is but fair to conclude from M. Neukomm's own words: "and it was to realize the money he so ardently desired, and which was so necessary, that he looked forward with such eagerness to the moment of leaving for England," that Weber would never have composed *Oberon* for Covent Garden. If anyone was to blame, was not it poor Weber himself? Otherwise how are we to explain the words, which M. Neukomm does not tell us were destitute of meaning, or not acted upon: "he begged him to fix his own terms, to which he (Kemble) agreed beforehand."—THE TRANSLATOR.

AUS KÖLN.

(From our Original Correspondent.)

Since the fatal destruction of our Stadttheater by fire, an epidemic eagerness to give public entertainments in aid of the sufferers by the sad catastrophe has invaded all the leaders of the different musical societies of Cologne. Among these philanthropic efforts, which in consideration of their human scope deserve all our unbounded sympathy, only two are worthy a special notice in musical point of view, namely the great concert brought up by Herr Dr. Hiller on the 23rd of February, and the one given by Herr F. Gernsheim on the 9th instant, both at the Gürzenich-room. On both occasions the programmes, containing choral, instrumental, and solos pieces, were highly interesting, and their execution deserved the enthusiastic applause of the crowded audience they met with. At Herr Gernsheim's concert, a great and interesting diversion from the usual plan of our programmes was a performance upon the great organ of the Gürzenich by Herr Capellmeister F. Lux from Mayence, which afforded us the opportunity of admiring the wonderful skill and power of this deservedly celebrated organist, as well as the great beauty of our magnificent organ. The pieces selected on this occasion were a *Prelude and Fugue* of J. S. Bach, and a fantasy upon the old Siciliana, "*O Sanctissima*," composed by the performer. Rhythmical precision, sparkling clearness of every sound in the most difficulty and complicated passages, smoothness and great expression in the soft one, and an immense power in the *fortissimos* are the brilliant peculiarities of Herr Lux's talent, which were highly appreciated and enthusiastically applauded by the delighted audience.

A special interest was imparted to these two concerts in question, by the last appearance in Cologne of the Fräulein Radecke and Scheuerlein, the two eminent pupils of our Conservatoire (Marchesi's school), who having begun the theatrical career at our operahouse have been the greatest attraction, as well as the supporters of our repertoire during the last two years. The audience were extremely affected on taking leave from these two charming songstresses, and expressed their regret through everlasting applause and bravos. The Fräulein Radecke has already left Cologne and made a successful *début* at the Royal Theater in Berlin. The Fräulein Scheuerlein is engaged at the Opera in Hamburg, where she is going to enter her engagement on the next month. Undoubtedly, however far away both these young and gifted artists may go, they will never forget the friendly Cologne, the cradle of their artistic career, as well as they may reckon upon our everlasting remembrance and sincere thankfulness for the pleasure they have afforded to us during their engagement at our theater.

On the second of March took place our ninth Gürzenich Concert under Dr. F. Hiller's direction. The first part of the programme was as follows:—1°. A new overture to *Otto der Schütz*, by E. Rudorff, a young and endowed Professor of the pianoforte and harmony at our Conservatoire. 2°. The violin-concerto of Beethoven, performed by Herr Concertmeister Ludwig Straus aus London. 3°. *Agnus Dei* for chorus and orchestra, by L. Cherubini (manuscript). 4°. Concerto for piano and orchestra by C. M. v. Weber, performed by Herr G. Seiss, Professor of the pianoforte at our Conservatoire. 5°. "*Abchiedslied*" (farewell-song), for solos and chorus, accompanied by wind-instruments, by R. Schumann. The second part of the programme was filled up by the *Sinfonia Eroica* of Beethoven. Without being rich of melodious ideas, the overture of Rudorff produced a very favourable impression upon the public, the art of modulating and scoring of this clever young composer belonging to the best and purest æsthetical school. Herr Straus played Beethoven's Concerto in the most masterly way, and I do not hesitate to say that (Master Joachim excepted) no other living Fiddler could perform classical music better than he does. The *Agnus Dei* of Cherubini is a fine specimen of this noble genius, and produced a great sensation through its intrinsic merit, as well as through the capital way in which it was delivered. Weber's Concerto was successful too. Herr Seiss is undoubtedly a first-rate pianist, and his technical skill on the pianoforte is perfection; but unhappily his great affectation and ridiculous contortions on playing, compel the public to burst into laughter. Schumann's *Abchiedslied* as regard originality of melody does not belong to the very best productions of the same composer, but well conducted and scored as it is, did not fail to produce an agreeable impression upon the audience. The execution of it was a very correct one, although wanting a little more animation. The wonderful *Sinfonia Eroica* of Beethoven, exquisitely played by the capital orchestra under Hiller's excellent Baton closed the concert in a splendid manner.

On the next Palm-Sunday (the last concert of the season) the *Messiah* of Händel will be given, instead of the usual Bach's *Passion-Music*. The artists engaged for the occasion are Fräulein Strauss from Basil, a very fine soprano; Frau Collin-Tobisch from Amsterdam, a capital contralto (an ancient pupil of Madame Marchesi at Vienna); Herr Coge tenor from the Royal Theater of Music; and Herr Hill from the Royal Theater of Schwerin.

Anton Rubinstein, on his great musical tour visited Cologne on the 24th of February last. His concert was very well and fashionably attended, and his success greater than ever.

Cologne, the 15th March.

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

OLE BULL IN THE "SUN."

The musical critic of a New York contemporary thus "walks into" Ole Bull, *à propos* of a recent Philharmonic concert:—

"The concert itself was not an interesting one. The simple truth is that Mr. Ole Bull spoilt it. This gentleman has won the universal esteem by his very noble qualities of head and heart, but it is impossible for his most ardent admirers to claim for him any special merit as a composer. Being invited by a society that has for its object the production of music of the great composers to play for them, one would naturally suppose that a man having the artistic reputation that Ole Bull has gained would have risen to the occasion. He has played inferior compositions before general audiences from one end of the country to the other, and from one end of the year to the other, and the excuse has been, not that he himself did not aspire to greater things, but that the general concert-going public did not care to hear any better. But at last the occasion seemed to have arrived when, if there was in him any true reverence for art, it should have been displayed. An audience thoroughly accustomed to classical music was before him. A noble orchestra, capable of interpreting any work, was there to assist him. The *répertoire* of the society contained all the splendid concertos for violin and orchestra that have been given to the world by the great masters. Here was an opportunity when Ole Bull might have emerged from that atmosphere of charlatanism that has so unfortunately surrounded him, and proclaimed himself a true son of art. 'The hour and the man' were come. What use did the latter make of the former? To play two long concertos, each in three movements, by Ole Bull. Neither of them contained an idea of sufficient dignity to entitle it to a position in one of Offenbach's scores. Both were rapid to an almost incredible extent—mere feeble wanderings through the realms of sound in vain search for ideas that were never found. Of the two hours and a half that the concert occupied, nearly one hour was given up to Ole Bull's self-illustrations. It was a splendid instance of artistic egotism. Mr. Bull does know one good piece,—a *largetto* by Mozart, for we have heard him play it. Why not have given that? Being encored he played a piece feebler even in ideas, if that were possible, than the concerto. We do not know its name. If called upon to conjecture, we should say it was 'Hi! diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle.' The fiddle was there palpably, and we could almost swear to the cat, for it is the custom of great violinists to imitate the calls of all the wild and domestic animals upon their instruments. It is the modern school of violin playing. Though no 'little dog' was there 'to see the sport,' there was the Doctor's orchestra of 100, who knew perfectly well how unworthy it all was, and who smiled grimly at the exhibition. It is but proper to add that these pieces did what they were written to do. They illustrated Ole Bull's immense technical skill, and that splendid breadth and nobility of phrasing in which he has no superior. From that bit of wood and string he certainly can draw tones that glow and tremble with emotion, and that stay for ever in the memory. More is the pity that such great ability should not have been turned to some good end, and that on this occasion, of all others in his life, the player should not have cast aside all thought of self-display, and brought all the results of his life of labour and of his great natural gifts to the interpretation and illustration of some work of acknowledged inspiration. Which does he lack—a reverence for his art, or capacity to execute the higher works?"

PESTH.—The Brothers Thern lately gave a concert, when the programme included, among other compositions, Sonata, Op. 106, in B flat major, Beethoven; Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; "An die Nacht," Volkmann; and "Mazeppa," Liszt.

LEIPZIG.—At the eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* was performed for the first time here for several years. Mlle. Nanitz sang an air from Mozart's *Titus*, and also the series entitled "Frauenliebe und Leben." Herr Decke, from Carlsruhe, performed the Violin Concerto, No. 7, in F minor, by Spohr, and the Romance in F major, by Beethoven.

MUNICH.—Third Soirée of the Royal Vocal Chapel: Motet, Palestrina; "Crucifixus," Lotti; Motet, J. S. Bach; three German Folk-songs, Brahms; two Sacred Songs, Beethoven; two Madrigals, Morley, etc.—First Subscription Concert of the Musical Academy: Overture to the *Brant von Messina*, Schumann; Pianoforte Concerto, Henselt (Herr von Bulow); Overture to *Ali Baba*, Cherubini; Fantasia on Hungarian National Melodies, Liszt; and Symphony in C major, Schubert.

WARD BEECHER ON ORGAN PLAYING.

After the sermon, there is the *playing out*. As there is the *introit*, so there is the *extroit*. And the object of this playing at the close of service is to carry out the general impression of the discourse. If the whole sermon has been cheerful and hopeful, we should expect the organ to be joyous and triumphant—within the bounds of religious feeling. If it is a stimulating stirring discourse, not improperly the organ might be patriotic, national. If the sermon is addressed to the conscience and the serious feelings, it is in bad taste for the organ to be clamorous and uproarious. It should carry out the general feeling, taking the theme, it may be, from the tune last sung. Nothing can be wiser or more skillful than to take the general impression, if one has the moral nature to catch it, and give it a musical impression, as the audience is going out of the church.

If he were not here, I would say that the reason why I like our organist (Mr. John Zundel) is, that I think he has had given him the talent to conduct instrumental music, with various degrees of success, according to moods and circumstances, for the production of religious and moral feelings; that he has these feelings himself, and expresses them; and that while his playing may sometimes be less brilliant and complicated and showy than he could make it, it is so for the same reason that a man makes his prayers with far less rhetoric than he could if he undertook to make a show. Music, in the presence of God, and in the service of God, should have a sobriety which, though it be sober, is this side of dullness, and is effective upon the understanding, the imagination, the heart, and the feelings. And I would say that if in preaching I owe a debt of gratitude to anybody, I owe it to this my collaborator, often and often. And if you do not owe him anything I am sorry for you.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Since "Music at the Antipodes" has been deemed of sufficient importance for you to have inserted an able communication from no less an authority upon the subject than Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, perhaps it will be permitted me to acknowledge the more than ordinary courtesy extended to one who was a mere stranger to him when in a distant country. For his kindness, but more for his candour, I desire to thank him. The reflection forces itself upon me that such a man could ill be spared from England. In the centre of culture and affection amongst his brethren in art surely there should have been a home for the composer of *David* and *Comus*. One consolatory thought remains—he will carry the influence of his gifts and attainments with him wherever he may go, and will (nay, has already) become the centre of art growth in a new world. His account of music at the Antipodes cannot fail to interest every one. Both the works mentioned were magnificently performed in Melbourne, Mr. Farquharson being the Goliath in one, Lucy Escott the Lady in the other; and they were produced with full band, organ, and efficient chorus, without regard to expense, by the Melbourne Philharmonic Society. He is the composer of two other great works—*Joseph* and *Gideon*; and I saw part of another oratorio, *St. Peter*, which he was at work upon when I left. Of that school of which Spohr might be said to be the father and Mendelssohn the very aptest pupil, his music is always graceful, and is as refreshing to the perusal of the student satiated with the old choral writers as, for instance, the works of Chopin and Bennett are to the habitual reader of classical pianoforte music. Is it not a wonder that upon the desk of no conductor in the old world should these scores ever have been so much as opened; that a suitable representation of *Comus* under the direction of the composer should have been reserved for the "savages" of the Antipodes!

He will not be displeased with me for supplementing his lists of artists by a few others whom he has omitted. Madame Anna Bishop and Miss Catherine Hayes earned golden opinions in Melbourne. Mr. Rutter and Mr. March both distinguished themselves as composers—the former by a grand mass with orchestral accompaniments, and a cantata, *The Second Advent*; the latter by the production of an opera, *The Gentleman in Black*. As pianists we had Signor Cutolo, an executive artist of the highest rank as well as a clever writer of *bagatelles*; and M. Boulanger, the well-known Parisian player and composer, who resided alternately at Melbourne and Sydney.

His geographical corrections many will be grateful for; but in placing New South Wales as "hardly less" as a gold producing country than Victoria, he is in error; about one-sixth would have been nearer the truth.* Nevertheless, where there is so much that is good it were worse than ill-bred to carp at trifles.

Permit me to hope that we shall be favoured, at his leisure, with a further account through your attractive columns, of music at the Antipodes from his pen; but I hope, also, that no other engagements will hinder his pursuing his higher vocation as a composer.—Yours very truly,

Maidstone, March 16, 1869.

GEORGE TOLHURST.

* The returns for 1866 show a yield of gold in New South Wales of 241,409 oz., value £924,276, as compared with 1,400,007 oz., value £2,929,948, in Victoria.

CHURCH MUSIC AND THE LIVERPOOL CONGRESS.

(From the "Choir.")

The attitude towards Church music assumed by the managers of the Church Congresses which have now taken place among our annual "institutions," has often furnished the subject of comment in these columns. While every other question connected, directly or indirectly, with our ecclesiastical system has been recognized and duly honoured with a morning or afternoon sitting, and a full debate in addition to numerous papers, Church music has been systematically set aside, or, what is worse, introduced at the far end of the session as a means of closing the business with a little *éclat*, and of offering an entertainment to the lady visitors. In fact, it has been made to serve the same ignominious purpose to which music is generally put by the committees of so-called literary and scientific institutions, who devote three-fourths of their funds and time to solid disquisitions by competent lecturers upon ologies innumerable, and then drag in the divine art as expounded by some second class "professor," who combines the comic with the serious, to furnish the necessary light element in their programme of the season. These worthy people seem utterly blind to the fact that music is as deserving of thoughtful treatment as astronomy or mineralogy, and that they would be making an important addition to their subscribers' education if they were to engage a well qualified musician to lecture, and thus the "musical entertainment" is only another term for the degradation of a noble science to the low position of furnishing a decent excuse for the jokes and pranks of a partially polished clown. At the Congress, of course, where everything is serious, and where humour would be decidedly out of place, it is impossible thus to provide for the delectation of the members, but the attempt is made, nevertheless, and music becomes the stalking-horse for the occasion. Instead of being regarded as a matter worthy of discussion, it forms the subject of a lecture when the sittings have already been practically closed, and when, therefore, even the vote of thanks to the speaker is apologized for as a necessary but unpleasant reason for detaining the audience. The natural consequence is, that the person who undertakes to deliver the address, prepares it for what may be fairly termed a miscellaneous audience, and therefore suits his language to his hearers, taking care to avoid anything which can give offence or require the slightest effort of the intellect to digest. If he offers a practical suggestion, he does so apologetically, and as to raising a good solid demonstration of disapproval, he would not dream of so upsetting the general equanimity. Indeed, more than one of their chairmen on these occasions has remarked on the fitness of the "harmonious" subject for the closing meeting, whereas, if the truth were honestly told, if free enquiry and debate were invited, and practical results sought after, there would be as much disagreement and as much possible good accruing from this as from a discussion upon Ritual, or the Free and Open Church Question. In other cases, arguments are boldly advanced, objected to, and supported; doubters are convinced; the ignorant go away with a desire to learn more, if not with some definite grounds for commencing to form an opinion one way or the other; and even those who agree to differ are strengthened in their convictions by the fact that they have been able, fully and fairly, to withstand their opponents. But in Church music the opposite has been the case, and the result is that we have at last lived to see it excluded altogether from the programme; the Liverpool Committee having quietly shelved it to make room for the Exploration of Palestine and sundry other subjects of no practical importance to Church work or Church life.

From an analysis of the votes recorded for the various subjects, we find that out of 154 gentlemen who allowed their names to be placed on the committee, only 79 voted, and of these 28 only considered "the selection and training of Church choirs" of sufficient importance to be discussed. If the whole number had done their duty—and it is difficult to understand why they permitted their names to be included if they intended to shirk it—the result might have been different, but as the matter stands Church music is left out in the cold for the first time since the Congress movement originated at Cambridge in 1861. Perhaps the committee regarded the results of the musical lectures at previous Congresses in the light in which we have considered them, and therefore resolved no longer to assist in dishonouring a subject which ought to take precedence of many others, but for this view of the matter we can hardly give them credit. Rather we are inclined to fear that the majority of these gentlemen must have imbibed something of the animosity towards choral service which characterizes the Dean of Ripon, the Very Reverend Dr. McNeile, who was, until Mr. Disraeli placed him in a position for which he is manifestly unfit, the leading light of the religious world at the great seaport. But in this case the committee should have remembered that the Congress is a national gathering, and therefore that they ought to have had some regard for the opinions of the great body of Churchmen who annually attend these assemblies. If, instead of showing their utter inability to appreciate the needs of the present day, and the relative importance of the various Church questions agitating us on all sides, they had put Church music prominently forward, and treated it as it deserved, they would have earned for themselves a title to our gratitude, and rendered the Liverpool Congress worthy of its name. If it is not yet too late, we trust the error will be corrected; but if the decision is final, it still remains open to Church musicians who may intend to be present, to introduce the subject during the debates upon some of the other matters

appointed by the committee. The improvement of our Church services—how to improve the attendance at public worship—the Church's work in our large towns—diocesan organizations—clerical education—capabilities of our cathedrals—all these are subjects to which Church music has an important relation, and we trust that no effort will be spared by its advocates to bring it forward. If, in addition to this, an extra-congressional meeting can be obtained, similar to those held in previous years by the Free and Open Church Association and the advocates of ornate ritual, the mistake may yet be corrected, and the blunders of the committee made the occasion of more direct good than could have resulted from a repetition of the lecture, which has been the rule on previous occasions.

THE WELSH HARP.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will permit me to ask my countrymen, through the medium of your columns, to aid me in preserving from oblivion, an instrument most intimately connected with the history of Wales—I allude to the *Triple-strunged harp*—for I have no hesitation in saying, that if Welshmen and the Eisteddfod do not look to it, we shall hereafter deserve the reproach of losing one of the most interesting *National* instruments in Europe.

In former days the Welsh harp was an important feature in the mansion of every nobleman and gentleman in the Principality. It formed the attraction of every social gathering, and was to be met with at most places of entertainment to which travellers resorted, and at the meetings of the Eisteddfod it was conspicuous in the list of prizes. But of late years the Eisteddfod has unaccountably neglected the instrument, not, I believe, from any intention to ignore its nationality, but from causes which I am unable to fathom. On a recent occasion when our countrymen assembled at a public banquet in London, I was requested to superintend the musical arrangements, and I at once suggested that a Welsh harper, one who could play on our National triple-strunged harp, should be engaged; the committee most readily accepted my proposition, but we discovered that neither the instrument nor the harper could be met with, even in so large a city as London; this, and other reasons have induced my present appeal, and I feel sure it will not be in vain. The modern pedal harp, though more effective, simply as a musical instrument, is not for one moment to be set above our own in a national point of view. The pedal harp is but of "yesterday," whereas the Welsh harp may lay claim to an ancestry as old as our hills; but even "musically speaking," I venture to assert that the Welsh harp has claims besides those of antiquity, for its tones, though weak in comparison with its modern rival, possess a sweetness and a charm, at least for Welshmen, which do not exist in the pedal harp. If I were anxious to show its importance in a musical point of view only, I could not do better than allude to the interest it created in the mind of the illustrious composer of the Messiah—for Handel not only admired the instrument but wrote for it. I must not, however, trespass on your space, or I might fill a volume with its traditions. I purpose suggesting at the next Eisteddfod that prizes be offered for competition on our *National* instrument, and that these prizes should consist not of money or medals only, but of *triple-strunged harps* themselves. It is therefore my intention to offer one of these instruments as a prize in my own name; and I venture to make this public in the hope that others may be induced to follow my example; as I believe by this means we should, in a very few years, witness the restoration of an instrument of which every Welshman has just reason to be proud.—I remain, your obedient servant,

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, March 9, 1869.

PRAGUE.—Mlle. Krebs played Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major; the Abbate Liszt's *Don Juan* Fantasia, and, in answer to a vociferous recal, Seeling's *Loreley*, at the first concert of the Conservatory this season. The fair young artist produced a most favourable impression. The other pieces in the programme were: "Passacaglia," J. S. Bach (scored by Esser); "Concerto Grosso," Corelli; "Sinfonia," Mozart; and women's chorus from *Blanche de Provence*, Cherubini.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* is to be produced at the German Theatre.

FLORENCE.—*Il Conte Ory* is in rehearsal at the Pergola, and, at the Pagliano, the new opera, *Idagonda*, by Signor Morales.—The first Concert of the Società del Quartetto proved a great success and surpassed all expectation. The audience was most numerous, although the prices of admission were very high. Beethoven's Symphony in D was performed in a manner to satisfy the most critical. The *Adagio* and the *Finale* were especially applauded. Weber's *Concertstück*, played by the pianist, Signor Ducci, was no less successful. This was followed by the same composer's "Invitation à la Valse," scored by Berlioz. Signor Planté then executed an unpublished pianoforte piece by Rossini, entitled "Preludio del mio Tempo," and Mendelssohn's "Rondo capriccioso." The concert was brought to a termination by the overture to *Guillaume Tell*.—Signor Muzio is here to make arrangements for the performance, by Herr Ullmann's concert troupe, of Rossini's *Maas*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

On Good Friday the Palace will be opened at nine in the morning, and between that hour and half-past one opportunity will be offered for inspecting the various Fine Arts Courts and collections at the Palace. The full band of the Royal Artillery, conducted by Mr. Smyth, will play selections of sacred music in the afternoon. At half-past three a grand sacred concert will be given on the Handel Orchestra, for which the services of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle. Carola, and Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. L. Thomas, Signor Foli, and Mr. Sims Reeves, have been secured. Mr. Thomas Harper will also take part as trumpet. In addition to the band of the Royal Artillery, the full band of the Crystal Palace Company (considerably enlarged) and the Festival Organ will be employed. The concert will be conducted by Mr. Manna, terminating before half-past five o'clock. After the concert selections of sacred music will be played by Mr. James Coward on the Festival Organ, and the Palace will be illuminated until nine o'clock. A variety of special attractions have also been engaged for the day by Mr. Pulleyn—as, for instance, the Siamese Twins, the Circassian Lady, the Nova Scotian Giantess, Mr. Sylvester's Talking Lion, the Automaton Chess-player, the moving figures and scenes of Mons. Thiodon, the great Zoetrope, the Oxford and Cambridge Boats, in which the University Race was rowed on Wednesday. On Easter Monday the attractions comprise a burlesque on *Blue Beard*, by Mr. E. T. Smith, with new scenery by Mr. Fenton, gorgeous dresses and decorations and 150 performers. A miscellaneous entertainment, combining the Vokes Family; Majilton, the demon hat performer; the Brothers Daniell, the musical clowns; the two American Gorillas, the Martens Family, &c. In the Concert Hall a scene, designed by Mr. Matt Morgan, representing St. Peter's at Rome, as illuminated for Easter, will be on view. The railway arrangements are complete, the extensions of the various metropolitan and suburban lines affording unusual facilities for reaching the Palace, while the excursions from the great leading lines are much more numerous than heretofore. No advance in the price of railway tickets including admission. The admission to the Palace on Good Friday and during the Easter holidays remains as usual—one shilling.

ORGAN NEWS.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK STREET, OXFORD STREET.—A new organ has been erected in this church by the Messrs. Bryceson from a specification prepared by Mr. Augustus L. Tamplin, organist and director of the choir, and carried out under his personal superintendence. The organ presents many novelties in its composition, both musically and from a mechanical point of view. Great attention has been paid to the comforts of the player, and the effects of the instrument are far beyond anything the list of its registers would suggest. Intended to fulfil the requirements of an elaborate choral service, and also to serve for solo playing, it answers most admirably, and will be amply sufficient until the more comprehensive instrument can be provided. The following is the list of stops:—

GREAT ORGAN.			
1. Gedact (metal).....	16 tons.	6. Octave (metal).....	4
2. Open Diapason (metal).....	8	7. Piccolo (metal).....	2
3. R. hr Flute (wood).....	8 tone.	8. Saper Octave (metal).....	2
4. Viol d'Amour (metal).....	8	9. Clarinet (throughout).....	2
5. Swabe Flute (wood).....	4	10. Trumpet (throughout).....	8
SWELL ORGAN.			
1. Double Diapason (wood).....	16 tone.	5. Harmonic Piccolo.....	2 tone.
2. Open Diapason (metal).....	8	6. Cornopean.....	8
3. Echo Diapason (metal).....	8	7. Oboe.....	8
4. Concert Flute Harmonic.....	4 tone.	8. Voix Humaine.....	8 tone.
PEDAL ORGAN.			
1. Violone (open wood).....	16	2. Quintaton (closed wood).....	16 tone.
MECHANICAL ACTIONS BY DRAWSTOPS.			
1. Swell to Great.	5. Swell to Pedals.		
2. Octave Swell to Great.	6. Great Tremolo.		
3. Sub Octave Swell to Great.	7. Swell Tremolo.		
4. Great to Pedals.	8. Wind Signal.		
MECHANICAL ACTIONS BY PEDALS.			
1—3. Swell Compositions.	7—8. Couplers.		
4—6. Great Compositions.	9. Tremolo Pedal.		

The tremolo pedal is arranged to set in motion whichever of the tremulant actions happens to be drawn; so that, although a tremolo stop is drawn, its corresponding tremulant does not act until the pedal is depressed. The advantages of this system are obvious.

STUTTGART.—The "Music of the Future" has at length forced its way into this capital, from which it has hitherto been excluded. Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* is being rehearsed at the Theatre Royal, and, at the concert given by the members of the Chapel Royal, the Abbate Lieb's "Prelude" was included in the programme. It met with a mingled reception of applause and hisses.

MISS KELLOGG IN NEW YORK.

The re-appearance of Miss Kellogg last night at the Academy of Music was, as we predicted it would be, the musical event of the year. Not only was every seat in the opera-house occupied, but every foot of standing room was crowded, and already, they tell us, a very large proportion of the seats have been sold for the rest of the season. Our young New York *prima donna* has received a welcome of which she must undoubtedly be proud. She did wisely to choose for her first opera one in which she is so pleasantly remembered as *Faust*. No Margharita has ever seemed so charming as here; and never, we may add, has she filled the rôle more charmingly than she did last night. The defects which we perceived in her style and manner when she first returned from Europe were little if at all apparent. The acting was natural, the vocalism was unaffected and simple. Perhaps this was because Miss Kellogg was no longer, as she was before, immeasurably above her surroundings. During that memorable brief season of skeleton opera which followed her return she must have felt like a thoroughbred racer among a herd of pack-horses. She was condemned to sing with a rabble of people who were not fit to sing with her, and some of whom were not fit to sing at all. Perhaps it is no wonder that under such circumstances she disappointed us. Last night, however, matters were very different. The cast was strong; the appointments were careful; the orchestra was well handled by Mr. Maretzek in person; and the chorus, if not very good, was at least respectable. Miss Kellogg, under these conditions, was what she used to be of old, and achieved not only a fashionable, but (what she ought to value far higher) an artistic success.—*New York Tribune*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. AND MADAME FRANCESCO BERGER'S *soirée musicale* took place at their residence, York Street, Portman Square, on Thursday evening week. The programme opened with Beethoven's trio in G, which was well played by Mr. Francesco Berger, Herren L. Ries and Lidel. Madame L. Berger then sang Mercadante's *aria*, "Se m'abbandoni," Rossini's "Quis est homo," with Miss Alice Bateman, and Oberthur's romance, "Je voudrais être," accompanied by the composer, in all of which her fine voice was heard to the greatest advantage. She also sang, for the first time, a new and charming song by her husband, "Golden Dream," which gave much satisfaction. Mr. William Redfearn, in Mr. Berger's song, "Sunshine o'er my soul," was loudly applauded, as was Mr. Trelawny Cobham in a French romance. Mr. F. Berger played his two pianoforte solos, "Je rêve à toi" and "Dancing Blossoms," and took part with Mr. Lazarus in Weber's *concertante* duet, for clarinet and pianoforte, on each occasion earning loud applause. Mr. Lazarus also played his fantasia on Scotch melodies; Signor Ciabatta sang an Italian romance; Miss Fanny Thornycroft an *aria* from *Dinorah*; Miss Alice Lee (pupil of Mr. Francesco Berger) played a solo on the pianoforte, Herr Oberthur one on the harp, and Herr L. Ries another on the violin, each giving satisfaction. Signor Li Calsi accompanied, and the *soirée* was a perfect success.

THE eighth annual concert of the military band connected with Messrs. Broadwood & Sons' pianoforte manufactory, took place at the Pimlico Rooms, on Friday evening, the 12th inst. The band had the valuable aid of the following artists and amateurs:—Miss Helen Barron, Miss Mabel Brent, Messrs. Ainsworth, Oxley, Weldon, and F. Sullivan, Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), Mr. Stein (baritone), Master Dove (cornet), Messrs. Franklin Taylor and C. S. Cook (pianoforte), with Mr. Twyford Taylor as accompanist. The band was conducted by Mr. Sibold, bandmaster. The performances were very satisfactory and gave great pleasure to a crowded audience.

THE Royal Christy's Minstrels, who are located at St. George's Hall, gave a concert, on Wednesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was largely attended. Much of the singing was of a superior order, and the choruses deserved especial praise. One number in the programme called "The Royal Chase" is remarkably clever, and was rendered to perfection. Among the songs were "Just before the battle, Mother," and Mr. G. B. Allen's new ballad, "When the Roses blow," the latter of which would have been encored but for this *nota bene* in the bills:—The audience are respectfully requested to refrain from encoring any of the pieces,—an excellent prohibition, which we should be glad to see affixed to all concert programmes.

MISS BERRY-GREENING'S Irish concert audience in St. James's Hall on Wednesday was as enthusiastic as usual. The selection of songs was admirable, and among the artists who appeared besides the concert-giver herself, were Miss Marie Dolby, Miss E. Kingsley, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Patey, Mr. Cummings, &c. Encores were the order of the evening.

VENICE.—Don Carlos is in rehearsal.

PROVINCIAL.

TORBAY.—We read in a local contemporary:—

"Signor and Madame Garcia's annual concert for the benefit of the Torbay Infirmary, took place on the 2nd inst., when the Bath Saloon was filled by a highly fashionable audience. We understand the sum of forty guineas has been handed to W. H. Kitson, Esq., hon. sec., by Signor and Madame Garcia. At the termination of the concert, W. H. Kitson, Esq., tendered a vote of thanks to the performers, to the audience, and to Signor and Madame Garcia in particular. Signor Garcia expressed himself highly gratified and promised a repetition annually. The programme was varied and interesting, the most striking piece being Mendelssohn's 'Hear my prayer,' Madame Garcia singing the solo part in her best style. Lady Blanche Drummond, pianist, and Mr. Nesbitt, vocalist (pupil of Signor Garcia), so delighted the audience that an encore in each case was inevitable. Madame Garcia's rendering of Schubert's 'Ave Maria' was a treat, and she had to accept an encore for 'She wore a wreath of roses.' Her sister, Mdle. Martorelli, although suffering from a cold, showed herself a worthy partner in a Spanish duet. Messrs. Pode and Froude favoured the audience with solos; Messrs. Croker, Boshamer, and Dr. Smith took parts in glees; and Rossini's 'La Foi,' was sung by Mrs. Callwell, Madame and Signor Garcia. Signor Garcia displayed great ability as a conductor. Mr. Michael Rice presided at the pianoforte."

BARNET.—A correspondent writes:—

"The evening concert given in aid of the funds of the 12th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers and of the Barnet Institute, took place in the Town Hall on the 9th inst., and fully satisfied the audience. Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Abbott, Messrs. Denbigh Newton, Craig, Grain, and Harfou were the vocalists, and Miss Hall and Mr. Robinson the solo pianists. Among the most successful vocal pieces were M. Ascher's 'Alice, where art thou,' tastefully given by Mr. Craig; 'Rock me to sleep' (Benedict); and 'Auld Robin Gray,' for which Miss Abbott, being encored, substituted 'Katey's letter,' and 'Charlie is my darling.' Miss Fanny Holland was recalled after singing Guglielmo's 'Destiny,' and Mr. Grain had to repeat both his *buffo* songs. Mr. Denbigh Newton's artistic singing was noticeable in the duet, 'La ci darem' (with Miss Abbott), Molloy's 'Vagabond,' and Schira's charming song, 'Anything for thee.' Mr. Robinson, in M. Brissac's 'Merry England,' showed good capabilities as a pianist, and Miss Hall may be complimented for her performance of Leybach's well-known 'Theme Allemand,' Henry Smart's pretty duet, 'Land of dreams,' was capably sung by Miss Abbott and Miss Fanny Holland."

BIRMINGHAM.—Our correspondent writes:—

"Mr. Ffrench Davis gave a concert on the 13th inst. at the Town Hall, when the 'Reformation' Symphony of Mendelssohn was well performed by the orchestra which Mr. Davis directs. The only singer from London was Miss Rose Hersee, who gave a *scena* by Donizetti, her own ballad, 'A day too late,' and the laughing song from *Manon Lescaut*. She was encored in all three."

SLOUGH.—A correspondent writes thus:—

"An evening concert in aid of the Mechanics' Institute was given last week, and, notwithstanding the bad weather, attracted a large audience. The following vocalists assisted:—Miss Blanche Reeves (from London), Mr. O. Christian, Mr. H. Peach, Mr. C. Booth, Mr. T. Ogilvy, Mr. W. Darby, Mr. W. T. Blanchett, and Masters Ogilvy and Thompson. At the conclusion of the concert the thanks of the Institute were unanimously voted to the artists."

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Musical Society have given another successful performance of *Judas Maccabæus*. The vocalists were Miss Anna Hiles, Miss Chadwick, Miss F. Bennett, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Henri Drayton. The band and chorus numbered upwards of 200 performers. The members of the Musical Society were in excellent training and sang with great steadiness and effect several of the choruses. They were obliged, by the unanimous desire of the audience, to repeat "See the Conquering Hero comes." Miss Anna Hiles, now an accepted favourite in Liverpool, fully maintained her position in "Pious orgies" and "From mighty kings." Miss Chadwick showed promise in the duet, "O, lovely peace," and Mr. George Perren made a "hit" in "Sound an alarm!" Mr. Best presided at the organ, Mr. C. A. Seymour led and Mr. Sanders conducted.

We quote as follows from a Liverpool contemporary:—

"The fourth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday night, when *Judas Maccabæus* was performed. The artists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. George Perren (owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Vernon Rigby), and Mr. Lander. In some respects the performance of the oratorio was highly

satisfactory. Miss Edith Wynne's progress has been very marked, and her singing on Tuesday night in the music allotted to her showed she has still further improved. Miss Julia Elton did full justice both to the air, 'Father of Lights,' and to the duets, the best of the latter being her rendering, with Miss Wynne, of 'O lovely peace. The consideration of the audience was asked for Mr. Perren in consequence of the unexpected call made upon him through the illness of Mr. Vernon Rigby, but this was scarcely needed. His performance was commendable for its uniform correctness and intelligence. Perhaps his finest effort was in 'How vain is man,' although it was passed by without much notice. The highly popular 'Sound an alarm' was given with fine effect; here the audience would insist upon the solitary encore of the evening. Mr. Lander is not unknown to Liverpool, but he has yet much to learn before he can claim an artist's place. His voice is ponderous and of considerable compass, but he has not got it well under control. Hence his recitatives were deficient in dignity and steadiness, and his airs lacked considerably in expressing good phrasing, and artistic finish. Having a good voice, he would do well to study how to use it. Mr. Benedict conducted with his well-known tact and skill—the performance of the overture, march, and accompaniments leaving very little to be desired."

CAMBRIDGE.—We read as follows in the *Cambridge Independent*:—

"The thirty-seventh quarterly performance of the Amateur Musical Society took place in the large room of the Guildhall on Thursday evening. The oratorio of *Sephtha* was selected, and given with considerable effect. The amateurs secured the services of Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mrs. T. Scott, Mr. D. Duxbury, and Mr. W. H. Poole, whose efforts materially aided the success of the concert. Miss Lucy Franklin sang 'In gentle murmurs will I mourn' with great applause, increased after her 'Scenes of horror, scenes of woe.' Miss Rose Hersee was received with an ovation, sufficiently well-timed not to demand an encore, although everyone would have been delighted to hear a repetition. Mr. Duxbury was encored in the beautiful air 'Waft her, Angels, through the skies,' which was followed by Miss Rose Hersee giving, with marvellous effect, 'Farewell ye limpid springs and floods.' Among the choruses, the best was 'How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees.'"

BELFAST.—Our correspondent writes from the capital of North Ireland thus:—

"The second concert of the Classical Harmonists Society took place in the Ulster Hall. The members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union present were: Miss Jane Wells, Messrs. Baxter, Coates, Land, and Lawler. The opening piece, Bishop's 'Where art thou beam of light?' was sung with a perfection observable in every glee during the evening. Mr. Coates showed himself capable of realizing, with effect, 'The soldier's dream.' Miss Wells received an encore in 'Sweet Nightingale.' Mr. Lawler sang Handel's 'Honour and Arms,' and Mr. Baxter 'Madeline' so as to secure a hearty encore. Dr. E. T. Chipp was received with enthusiastic applause; he has frequently been heard in the Ulster Hall, but never with greater delight. Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata, No. 1, Bach's Grand Fugue, in D major, and the other pieces, were listened to with the deepest attention. We must not omit to mention the excellence of Mr. Land's pianoforte accompaniments."

KEIGHLEY.—A concert was given here on the 12th inst. by Mr. Carrodus, assisted by Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. E. de Jong, M. Vieuxtemps (cello), Mr. A. Ramsden, and Mdle. Marie Gondi, for the benefit of Herr Molique. The performance was admirable, and we are glad to learn that the profits amounted to £100. Bravo! Mr. Carrodus, and good people of Keighley.

NOTTINGHAM.—A correspondent writes from Nottingham as follows:—

"The second subscription concert of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society was given on the 9th March. The band (consisting of about forty players, among whom were Messrs. Horton, Lazarus, and Snelling—oboe, clarinet, and bassoon—from London), was a good one, and the chorus would have been better if there had been time for one or two more rehearsals. However, no fault could be found; on the contrary, the singing of those melodious choruses, 'How lovely are the messengers,' and 'See what love,' was a proof of the untiring zeal of the able conductor, Mr. Henry Farmer. These were really given with exquisite taste and effect. Madame Patey-Whytock charmed the audience especially with her rendering of 'But the Lord is mindful,' and the other singers (Miss Edmonds, Messrs. Cummings and Patey, were all deservedly successful. Beethoven's *Egredi* (*Mount of Olives*), and a miscellaneous selection will be performed at the next concert, on the 29th March."

M. SAINT-SAËNS has lately played Beethoven's Op. 106. Did he, like Mendelssohn, follow it up by drinking 212 glasses of punch?

The oracle hath spoken—but who shall interpret? Very few of us can do it for ourselves, and still fewer can do it for us. Even those who have attempted may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Generally the more difficult the task the greater number are lured by it into failure. Rarely, however, does anybody attempt to unfold the mystery of Op. 106. The prospects of a catastrophe are too great and its penalty too heavy. A parallel to the task can be found in many an ancient story and fairy legend. "Interpret the dream or die"—said Nebuchadnezzar. "Fit the slipper or be no Princess of mine"—said Cinderella's Prince. "Destroy the dragon or lose the Hesperidean fruit"—was the direction to prodigy-working

Hercules. In like manner says Beethoven:—"Surmount the next to insurmountable or be covered with conspicuous disgrace." The warning has, hitherto, been sufficient for most people, and they have looked at Op. 106 from a distance, longing to achieve but unwilling to dare. Happily there is Arabella Goddard, who can do both, who has done both nine times,* and who may do both again and again with the same confident assurance of victory. What is the good of the hour without the man, or the man without the hour? In this case we have the work and the interpreter—a happy conjunction, each being worthy the other. Last Monday's performance was an event not only in the life of the player but in the history of the Sonata. The interest of the occasion was recognized, and St. James's Hall contained, for the nonce, a congress of artists assembled to do honour to a marvellous composition and a marvellous performance. "*Finis coronat opus*;"—Madame Goddard's double recal, amid general acclamations, worthily crowned a work which she alone dares, time after time, bring forward, and the wonders of which she alone, in any country, has revealed to the multitude.

T. E.

MDLLE. NILSSON AT THE GRAND OPERA.

Mdlle. Nilsson has had a triumph on the stage where Madame Carvalho reigned as queen, and in the part which the latter artist seemed to have made her own. Night after night the charming Swedish lady has secured more and more of public favour till now her Marguerite is the sensation of the day. An article appeared recently in *La Presse*, from which we cannot resist making a few extracts:—

"Whatever the powers of Madame Carvalho, they cannot outweigh the effect of the dramatic force, the youthful charm, and the sweet voice which have excited general enthusiasm for the new Marguerite. The prison scene has shown her to possess a rare power of expression. She has touched the sublime and realized the ideal. Throughout Mdlle. Nilsson was free from conventionalism. She sang as she felt, and as it is not given to every woman to feel. She need not play the comedian in order to appear truly artless."

Speaking of Mdlle. Nilsson's performance in the garden and church scenes, *La Presse* says:—

"Mdlle. Nilsson is always Marguerite the young girl, who, innocent of evil, throws herself heedlessly into the abyss which she dreams not to be beneath her feet. In the church scene she is admirable. Who cares to listen to the prayer of the chorus, after hearing the inspired voice of this Marguerite?"

Every one who has heard the second "Swedish Nightingale" will be delighted to know that she has made so great a success under such trying circumstances.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have issued their joint prospectus for the coming season. Our remarks must be postponed till next week.

DRESDEN.—The programme of the seventh Subscription Concert given by the Royal Chapel included the overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; *Die Waldnymph*, Bennett; Symphony in E flat major, Mozart; and Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.

HAMBURG.—Soirée for Chamber Music given by Herr Heine: Quartet in E flat major, Schumann; Fantasia in C major, Op. 15, Schubert; *Andante* and *Finale* from Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; Impromptu for two pianos on Schumann's *Manfred*, Reinecke; Polonaise in A flat major, Chopin; and Polka, Rubinstein.—Eighth Philharmonic Concert: Overture to *Dame Kobold*, Reinecke; Recitative and Air from *Jessonda*, Spohr (Mdlle. Avé Lallemant); "Geangeseene" for Flute, Spohr; Songs, Schumann and Mendelssohn; and music to *Egmont*, Beethoven.

* First at M. Sainton's Quartet Association, in Willis's Rooms, from memory, and at 16 years of age.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

A composer of boldly innovating spirit; a writer full of cleverness and humour; an impassioned critic; a noble poet; a man of rare intelligence, and of excellent heart, Hector Berlioz, died on Monday the 8th inst., at his residence in the Rue de Calais, Paris. He was only sixty-six, but for fiery souls like his, years count double, and repose comes only with death.

While paying a tribute of homage to the memory of a great artist who experienced the singular affliction and bitter consolation of being so often misappreciated in his own country, though received in triumph everywhere abroad, it is not our intention to present our readers with a complete and thorough study of the man and of his works. Such a study, to be worthy of its object, would require a long period of reflection, and considerable development.

There is a book to be written on Berlioz. That book will be written, as an act of tardy justice to one who was killed by the systematic disdain of his countrymen. He died of that disdain, which is a disease unknown to vulgar minds, but which is a frightful disease, the torture of every minute, for a man who, feeling his own superiority, and obeying the imperious necessity experienced by an artist, of making others share the impressions by which he himself is seized and carried away into the Ideal, beholds himself condemned by the crowd to live in the crowd, struggling with his solitary aspirations, or, what is worse, to receive from commonplace courtiers commonplace flattery, or insincere praise. Oh! how horrible is the praise which does not hit upon the essential qualities of a man's works, the omnibus-like praise, the stereotyped compliments! What stabs, inflicted by well-meaning fools on men of genius, or inventors! Indifference is a thousand times better. Indifference wounds our *amour-propre*, but it fortifies our pride, and doubles our strength until the last is gloriously crushed.

Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on the works of Berlioz, he will always stand forth as possessing the most marked individuality in the romantic school of music, as endowed with one of the most original and most poetic minds of the age. His whole life was one desperate struggle for the triumph of a system of musical poetry of which we may not approve, but which he at least invented, and which did not lack imitators, commencing with Richard Wagner.

But Wagner, having departed from his model to obey the extreme consequences of an anti-musical system of music, has raised church upon church, dogma upon dogma. At last, Berlioz was able to say of the school of the Future, despite the first-rate beauties to be found in all the scores of the German Revolutionist: "If such is this religion it is exceedingly novel, I own, but I am far from professing it; I never did belong to it; I do not belong to it, and I never shall belong to it; I raise my hand, and I swear: *non credo*. There is one thing I believe firmly: the Beautiful is not horrible, and the Horrible is not beautiful. It is not, no doubt, the exclusive object of music to be agreeable to the ear, but it is a thousand times less its object to be disagreeable to the ear, to torture, and to flay it."

The fanatics of the new school were naturally indignant at such a profession of faith, solemnly uttered by a great composer. The traitor!—they exclaimed, to repudiate thus the doctrines of a harmonic religion of which he was so long the self-constituted high priest, especially in *Roméo et Juliette*.

I determined to see what grounds there were for this accusation, and, therefore, obtained the score of the work so deeply compromised. Well, I who like only those passages of the Music of the Future in which it agrees with the good music of the Present—I passed a delicious evening reading this fine score, one of the things that most dazzled me in my youth. *Roméo et Juliette*, when I heard it, many years ago, with an imposing orchestra, and a numerous chorus, under the direction of the author himself, produced in me one of those profound but undeterminate sensations which do not command enthusiasm

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

though they inspire respect. I saw before me a great artist; I felt I did; my reason told me that I was listening to grandiose music, full of poetry; but it was only with difficulty that my ear, then inexperienced, could follow its ingenious and bold development; on the other hand, the accents of the melody, chaste, voluptuous, fantastic, gloomy, brilliant, ardent, impassioned, in turn, but always bearing the stamp of genius, that is to say, of originality, merely glided lightly over my heart without penetrating it. In the presence of this original work I remained cold but dazzled, as an inhabitant of the plains of Texas, or of the volcanic mountains of Peru, would be, if suddenly transported, without any preparations, from those solitary and distant regions into the midst of a city like Paris, on some grand fête day.

Since that period I have understood Berlioz's music better, and, I repeat, the perusal of the great symphonist's celebrated work procured me a most interesting and most happy evening by my fire-side.

I heard with my eyes the notes which were dead upon the paper, but which were vibrating, warm and full of life, in my soul a phenomenon arising from the memory of sounds, which is nothing more nor less than prolonged sensation. I heard and I applauded the ingenious instrumental introduction, the prologue, bearing the stamp of savage grandeur, the poetic strophes which follow it, the *scherzetto à deux temps*, which transports you into the fantastic realms of Queen Mab, whom I afterwards saw appear in a *scherzo* of incomparable effect; then the festivities at Capulet's; symphonic pages scored as no one had ever scored before Berlioz; the admirable scene of love and of despair, a masterpiece of exquisite sentiment, of noble and tender poetry; then that other scene, Juliet's funeral procession; and the garden scene, where the young Capulets, coming from the feast, sing a double chorus, containing reminiscences of the ball music; lastly the invocation at the awaking of Juliet; the great quarrel of the Capulets and the Montagus, partly made up of designs from the prologue, above which we hear bursting forth the angry and tumultuous voices of both parties, suddenly interrupted by the revelation of Friar Lawrence, which is followed by the oath of reconciliation between the rival families. Yes, I heard all these splendid pages, worthy the immortal text of Shakspeare, which inspired them, and both my mind and my heart were entranced.

Many persons have imagined that the Muse of Berlioz was a rebellious Muse, and that he worked with difficulty; this is a mistake: he never wrote except when in the vein, and in obedience to an inspiration. What more curious example of this can be afforded than by the history of *La Damnation de Faust*, the book and music of which he wrote simultaneously?

It was while travelling in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Silesia that Berlioz laid the foundation of this work, so curiously original and striking. He extemporized the verses just as the musical ideas suggested themselves to him, and at no other time did he ever experience such facility in working. "I wrote when I could and where I could: in a carriage; on the railway; in steamboats; and even in the towns, despite the various cares imposed upon me by the concerts I had to give." It was in an inn at Tarsau, on the Bavarian frontier, that he wrote the introduction:

"Le viel hiver a fait place aux printemps."

At Vienna, he sketched out the scenes on the banks of the Elba, the air for Méphistopheles, "Voici les Roses," and that incomparable *scherzo*, the ballet of the sylphids. Just as he was setting out for Hungary, he scored and developed the famous Hungarian March upon Rakoczy's motive, a march which procured him, a Frenchman, a very handsome crown, as a tribute of homage from the youth of Gior. In Pesth, by the gas-light of a shop, he wrote down in pencil the choral burden of the "Ronde des Paysans." At Prague, he got up in the night to write the chorus of angels for the apotheosis of Margherite:

"Remonte au ciel, âme naïve,
Que l'amour égara."

At Breslau, he wrote the words and the music for the Latin song of the students:

"Jam nox stellata
Velamina pandit."

"The rest," he tells us, "was written in Paris, but always extempore; in my own house; at a café, in the Tuilleries Gardens; and even upon a post on the Boulevard du Temple. I did not seek for the ideas; I allowed them to come, and they presented themselves in the most unexpected order."

This astonishing facility in extemporizing works, though sometimes very complicated, explains the considerable number which Berlioz left, independently of his effusions as literary critic, and notwithstanding the time he spent in getting up concerts to render the public acquainted with his music. We will mention a few of the works of this composer whose loss we shall always regret.

In the way of dramatic music and oratorio, we find: *Benvenuto Cellini* (opera, 3rd September, 1838); *Beatrice et Benediet*, comic opera in two acts, represented at Baden; *Les Troyens*, grand opera in five acts (Théâtre-Lyrique, 1864); *Roméo et Juliette*, grand dramatic symphony, with chorus, vocal solos, and choral prologue; *La Damnation de Faust*, a legend in four acts; *La Fuite en Egypte*, oratorio in three parts.

In the domain of instrumental music, we may mention: the overtures to *Waverley*, *King Lear*, of the *Carnaval Romain*, of the *Francs-Juges*, and of *Le Corsaire*; the *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, a fantastic symphony in five parts; *Harold in Italie*, a symphony in four parts; *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale*, three parts, &c.

For the voice: *Irlande*, collection of melodies; *Les Nuits d'Été*, id.; *Fleurs des Landes*, id.; *Feuillets d'Album*, id.; *Vox Populi*, two grand choruses with orchestra; *Tristitia*, three choruses with orchestra; "La Captive," "Sara la Baigneuse," &c.

We must not forget the *Messe des Morts (Requiem)*; "Le cinq Mai," a song upon the death of Napoleon; *Le Retour à la Vie*, a "Melologue," or mixture of music and prose with vocal solos, chorus, and orchestra; and a "Te Deum" for two choruses, orchestra, and organ, &c.

Berlioz published, also, a grand *Traité d'instrumentation*. He scored, besides the "Marseillaise," the "Marche marocaine" of Léopold de Meyer, and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." He has left, moreover, some *Memoirs*.

A few particulars concerning the last days of his life will not be without interest for the musical world that laments his loss, nor for his sorrowing friends.

Ever since the fall he had at Nice, on his return from Russia, the health of Berlioz, already much shaken, became worse and worse. He sometimes lost his memory, and forgot the names of his most intimate friends. Sometimes, too, he appeared to be deprived of all perception. It was in one of these moments, when his intellectual life seemed to have left him, that music worked a perfect miracle upon his soul.

Madame Charton-Demeur called upon the illustrious patient. A visit from the great French vocalist, who had so worthily created the part of Dido in *Les Troyens*, was always a poetic consolation for Berlioz, bringing with it an alleviation of his physical sufferings. But on the day in question—I am speaking of some three months since—he could not even smile on her. He gazed without seeing her, and made no reply to the voice of friendship. Madame Charton-Demeur then thought she would try music, that language which still speaks to the soul, when words are no longer heard by the mind. She sat down at the piano, and sang some phrases from the opera of *Armida*, the score of which was open upon the instrument. At the accents of Gluck, Berlioz awoke from his torpor; he recognized the fair singer, pressed her hand, thanked her, rose, and talked. He was restored to life for art and by art, beating time, applauding, making observations on the lost traditions of Gluck's music, and weeping with joy. "Ah!" exclaimed Madame Charton, "that is his food; music is what he requires, and for the future he shall not be without it."

She wanted to get up, with Saint-Saens, for the patient, and at his house, special musical performances. Unluckily, the fact of his disease becoming more aggravated every day did not allow her to carry out her noble project.

The last time Berlioz gave any signs of intellectual life was on the 17th December. On that day he appeared more depressed than ever, and death was already hovering over his eagle-head, so proud, so sharply marked, and so artistically energetic. Paralysis had struck him dumb, and the words addressed to him remained unanswered.

But Madame Charlon wanted the dying man to make an effort—to write his name in Mdlle. Nilsson's album. "My dear Berlioz," she said, bending gently over him, "I want to ask you a favour. You know Mdlle. Nilsson, whom you applauded in *Don Juan*; she likes you very much, and would be most delighted if she could have your signature in her album. You alone are wanting. All the great men are there: Rossini, Auber, Lamartine, and Hugo. Will you not do me a service, and grant her this favour?"

Berlioz heard her, understood her, and made certain movements. The album was brought him. By one of those returns to life which are met with in men of nervous constitutions and completely baffled science, Berlioz took the large book on his knees, traced a dozen staves, and, without making a fault, wrote the words and music of one of his earliest melodies: "Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée." Madame Charlon was weeping, and my own eyes filled with tears at the recollection.

The doubtful, or, at any rate, exceedingly short, success of *Les Troyens* shook Berlioz's courage to its utmost depths. Yet there are beauties of the first order in this score, which will, perhaps, some day, be revived with brilliant results. At the very moment the composer was breathing his last, there was a knock at the door. It was M. Gevaert, who had come telegram in hand, to announce the great success of *Les Troyens* at Moscow. Poor Berlioz! This last piece of consolation failed him.

He lay upon his deathbed, calm and majestic. The flight of his soul had imparted to his features an indescribable and sublime expression of serenity, which imposed respect and banished fear. He might have been taken for Dante, the great Italian poet. The friends who never quitted him, and who received his dying breath are Ernest Reyer, Edouard Alexandre, and Damke, the composer. The last two are the executors under his will.

Berlioz has bequeathed to his mother-in-law, Madame Reccio, the mother of his second wife (his first was the English tragic actress, Miss Smithson) a sum of 20,000, and a life annuity of 4,000 francs. These modest savings were inherited from his father, and not derived from music. Art, of which he will ever be one of the noblest representatives, produced him only regrets, with some few moments of ineffable delight.

OSCAR COMETTANT.

The funeral service of Hector Berlioz was celebrated in the church of the Trinity. The corners of the pall were held, from the house of mourning to the church, by M. Guillaume, President of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Camille Doucet, member of the French Academy; Baron Taylor; and M. Emile Perrin, manager of the Grand Opera. From the church to the cemetery of Montmartre, they were held by M. Ambroise Thomas, and M. Gounod, members of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Nogent Saint-Laurens, member of the Legislative Body; and M. Perrin. The Institute sent a deputation, consisting of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Dumont, Pils, Martinet, Guillaume, and Beulé.

During the funeral service, the following music was performed by the orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opera, conducted by M. George Hainl, and by the singing-boys of the Trinité, conducted by M. Grisy: The "Introit" from Cherubini's *Requiem*; Mozart's "Lacrymosa;" the "Hostias" and "Preces" from the deceased composer's own *Requiem*, sung by a double quartet of artists belonging to the Grand Opera; the March from Gluck's *Alceste*; and the Funeral March by Litolf, with Sax's instruments. The ceremony was brought to a close by the March from Berlioz's *Harold*, arranged for the organ by M. Chauvet.

The way to the Montmartre Cemetery was lined with considerable crowds. A band of the National Guards performed funeral marches during the passage of the procession.

The body is laid in a family vault.

A MORE astonishing musical prodigy than Mozart is little Susie Medbery, of Baltic, Mass. Before she could speak words, when but ten months old, she would sing entire tunes correctly. At two and a half years old she sang publicly before large audiences, and now, at four years of age, plays upon the piano or cabinet organ with marvellous talent.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," March 16.)

Last night's concert imperatively demands some notice—if only of the briefest—however pressing may be other calls upon our space. The concert was announced to be for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, and no absolute novelty was included in the programme; but it comprised one piece which, if by no means new, is nevertheless practically unknown—a piece which has been shunned by the vast majority of executants ever since it was first composed. It is, we believe, an undisputed fact that Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, written about the year 1817, was never performed in public until 1855, when a young English lady introduced at Berlin the greatest piano-forte work by the greatest of all composers, for the first time, to the notice of his countrymen. Liszt intended to play it, and Mendelssohn actually did so in private, from memory; but it had never been attempted in public until its apparently insurmountable difficulties melted away under the touch of Miss Arabella Goddard's light fingers. Her performance won universal commendation, and elicited from one of the soundest of critics, the late Rellstab, the dictum that whatever Beethoven had written *must* be played.

Two years ago the famous Op. 106 was introduced, for the first time to the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts, by the same lady; and she showed her true sympathy with the highest development of imaginative art by again choosing it for her benefit last night. It should be borne in mind that to perform a work of this nature must always—granting even the most unrestricted capacity—entail upon the executant considerable self-sacrifice. Here there are no fireworks to dazzle the eyes of the unthinking. It is all serious, earnest work, the understanding of which tries the attention of an audience to no common degree. We shall not say one word about the marvellous sonata itself, because an attempt to follow out its course would lead us far beyond our available limits, and anything less would be impertinent. Nor can we trust ourselves to expatiate on the indescribable ease and precision with which every passage, from first to last, was rendered. Not a note was robbed of its just value, not a passage was evaded, nor was there a phrase which, amidst all imaginable complications of accent and rhythm, did not receive its fitting expression. No wonder that the fugue of the last movement was long thought to be beyond the power of mortal fingers. Even while following Madame Goddard's performance, and tracing the theme through all its elaborate and complex modifications, the listener is almost driven back to the scholastic paradox, "*Credo, quia impossibile est.*" In her reading of the *adagio* in F sharp minor—a movement which stands alone in music, and for purely imaginative sublimity has scarcely a rival in any other art—the fair pianist exhibited intellect and soul as well as merely mechanical dexterity. But we need say no more. The best proof of her power was furnished in the applause which, in spite of the extreme length and abstruseness of the sonata, broke out with enthusiasm at its conclusion, and continued until Madame Goddard had twice returned to the platform.

Madame Goddard also joined Herr Joachim in the justly favourite "Kreutzer" sonata, as remarkable for the sense of beauty that pervaded Beethoven's earlier works as is the Op. 106 for the gloomy passion never absent from the productions of his later years. Schubert's quartet in A minor, Marcello's Sonata in G minor, for violoncello, played by Signor Piatti, and songs by Mdlle. Elena Angèle, who appeared in the place of Miss Annie Edmonds, indisposed, completed the programme of the most interesting concert of the season.

(From the "Morning Star," March 18.)

Last Monday's concert was held for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose honourable connection with the Popular Concerts from their foundation down to the present time has contributed in equal degrees to the success of Mr. Arthur Chappell's undertaking and to the pleasure and profit of the frequenters of St. James's Hall. The metropolitan public came forward as it was meet they should do on so interesting an occasion, and a house crowded from floor to ceiling gave our illustrious classical pianist a right royal welcome to the platform of

which she is the legitimate and acknowledged queen. The programme, the remarkable character of which amateurs will not fail to recognize, ran as follows:—

PART I.—Quartet in A minor (Schubert); song, "L'Addio" (Schubert); Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, for pianoforte (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sonata in G minor, for violoncello (Marcello); song, "Rock me to sleep" (Benedict); Sonata in A major, Op. 47, for piano and violin (Beethoven).

The prodigious Sonata, Op. 106, aptly styled "Ninth Symphony for the Pianoforte," is celebrated as the longest, most elaborate, and most difficult work ever composed for that, or, we may suppose, for any single instrument. In dimensions it is equal to the two companion *Colossi* (Op. 53 in C, and Op. 57 in F minor) put together; while in its demands upon the mechanical power of the executant it throws both those notoriously trying pieces no less completely into the shade. Pianists the most devoted to Beethoven have carefully avoided it in their public performances as a dangerous quicksand; and to this day it is published in England in two separate books, each one being equal in size to, and far more difficult than, an ordinary sized sonata. Two years ago Madame Arabella Goddard broke through the rule which consigned the splendours of the "Sonata in B flat" to practical oblivion, so far as the great English public were concerned, and on the occasion of her last benefit at the Monday Popular Concerts, March 12, 1867, played triumphantly through this wonderful composition, to the amazement and admiration of the great and critical audience then gathered to hear her. A repetition of this crowning achievement in Madame Goddard's artistic career has been anxiously awaited by numbers who were, and numbers who were not, present at the first memorable performance. The sonata was composed during the most unhappy period of its author's clouded life, and is, from beginning to end, coloured by the depression under which Beethoven laboured during the years 1817 and 1818. The *adagio sostenuto*, in F sharp minor, is perhaps the most expressive and intensely sad movement ever written. The work was dedicated to the Archduke Rodolphe, who enjoyed the reputation of being able to play it; but there is all the difference in the world between going creditably through a performance at home, and acquitting one's self of the same to the edification of a vast assembly. If the Archduke could have accomplished the latter feat in connection with Beethoven's Op. 106, it is a pity that so exceptional an artist should have been an amateur. It is, as all interested in such music know, the last movement, an *allegro risoluto*, or *fuga a tre voci con alcune licenzie*, that taxes the pianist to the utmost limits of manual possibility. Following the endless complexities of this unparalleled movement, it frequently appears as if three hands at least were required for its performance. This we know is not the case; but the manner in which Beethoven has contrived to tax the ten fingers, which are all that nature has bestowed either upon artists or common people, to the utmost both of endurance and flexibility, while yet stopping short of that which is humanly impracticable, is a remarkable instance of the extraordinary command over the resources of both instruments and players for which the "tone-poet" is famous. Madame Goddard's performance of this magnificent composition—out of which an imaginative commentator might weave a long story of suffering and sorrowful strife, concluding with the triumph which a strong genius almost unconsciously extracts even from his tribulation—was something to be remembered through a lifetime. Not only were the terrible difficulties of the colossal fugue mastered so that the uninitiated hearer need not have known that they existed, but every delicate variation of light, shade, and expression was so exquisitely brought out that the mechanical skill of the player was almost for a time forgotten in view of her incomparable taste. The slow movement offered the finest example of sustained *piano* playing to which we have ever listened, while it was at the same time one of the noblest examples of that reverently pure interpretation which is one of the most valuable attributes of Madame Goddard's style. The reception of the sonata was consistent with the merits of so remarkable a performance. Every halting stage was eagerly availed of for congratulatory demonstrations, and at the conclusion a double recall was peremptorily carried before the general enthusiasm could feel itself sufficiently expressed. The superb "Kreutzer" sonata, for piano and violin, has

been so often played by Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim, that even Monday night's surpassingly fine performance only requires the record that everybody remained to hear it, and enjoyed thereby a half-hour of intense musical pleasure. Signor Piatti's revival from Marcello was played with all possible excellence, and the opening quartet, for once a matter of secondary importance, went with the perfection to which we are accustomed when Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti are the performers.

(From the "Mercantile and Shipping Gazette," March 17.)

On the occasion of the last concert Madame Arabella Goddard took her benefit, and the pianoforte, consequently, was brought into something more than ordinary prominence. The attendance was one of the largest that the season has produced, nearly the whole of the area being converted into stalls, which were brilliantly and fashionably filled. The event of the evening was the performance of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, known more definitely as No. 106—without question the finest work of its class in existence, and alike extraordinary for the grandeur of its design, its general magnitude, and its stupendous difficulty. Until Madame Arabella Goddard essayed it many years ago at one of M. Sainton's quartet parties at Willis's Rooms, its exceptional character in the last-mentioned respect had entirely removed it beyond the pale of public exhibition; and since the period in question she has been the only pianist who has interpreted it with real and undenied success. Connoisseurs who are familiar with this colossal sonata are but too well cognizant of the technical attainments necessary for the adequate delivery of the triple fugue which constitutes the last movement, demanding as it does an energy of finger, a power of articulation, a perception of fitful rhythm, and a mastery over involved detail, which a perusal of the music would determine to be almost beyond human realization; but that Madame Arabella Goddard has, in the presence of the first pianists of Europe, repeatedly shown that she holds this intricate movement wholly within her grasp, and that, notwithstanding its unparalleled complexity, she not only reads it but explains it, needs not now be told to those interested in the best triumphs of executive art. Her delivery of this magnificent sonata on Monday night was as marvellous an effort as it ever was, and awakened all the old surprise and admiration. Prolonged as is the *adagio*, probably the most poetical, dreamy, and tender movement ever conceived by the inspired mind of Beethoven, the audience were spell-bound to the close. But little occasion is there to particularize. The performance of this giant work will be reckoned as the great pianoforte display of Mr. Arthur Chappell's season, and remembered accordingly. The well-known "Kreutzer" sonata was also in the programme, and here again Madame Arabella Goddard was the exponent, in conjunction with Herr Joachim. How finely this fascinating work was rendered will be easily understood. It was never played with greater spirit and enjoyment, for the artists were each monarchs in their respective departments, and each as at home in the music as if it had been born with them. Under these circumstances, the sonata was heard as it is not often heard, notwithstanding its unbounded vogue; and, familiar as it is to all lovers of chamber music, both public and private, a reading, so fresh and genial, like all kindred expositions of finished art, seemed to evolve new illustrations of motive, new piquancies of detail, new beauties of expression. The glorious "Kreutzer," in a word, brought the concert to a close with fitting *clat*, and the two performers retired covered with honour.

The concerts come to a termination on Monday next, when Mr. Arthur Chappell, their skilful and enterprising founder, announces his benefit, and, among other things of interest, the union of Madame Schumann, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé, in Bach's Concerto in D minor, for three pianofortes.

THE estimates of the cost of building the new Paris Opera amounted to 16 millions of francs. More than double that sum has been already expended, and it is now confessed that the total will come up to 48 millions before the work is completed. A debate on this extravagant item will shortly follow that on the Trocadero folly and the Luxembourg job in the Corps Legislatif.

REVIEWS.

Eventide. Andante pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

Few pieces by Mr. Smith have more graceful melody or more effective passages than this. Many of the latter show imagination and taste of a high order, and give to the work a greater interest than belongs to most of its kind.

La Favorita. Fantaisie Brillante sur l'opéra de DONIZETTI, pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

In this piece, the composer has taken some of the most popular melodies in Donizetti's favourite opera, and treated them in his best manner. The decorations are ornate, but they do not overload the themes. Well played, the fantasia, according to the promise of its title, has a brilliant effect.

Fête Champêtre. Morceau Brillant pour Piano. Par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

Mr. SMITH here depends for success less upon brilliant effects than upon the character of his melody. For the most part the latter is simply accompanied, and, therefore, fewer demands are made upon the performer's skill. There is, however, no lack of interest, and this, as well as other examples similar in character, proves Mr. Smith to have much more than the ordinary resources of a caterer for drawing-room pianos.

Odd Thoughts.

The author of the following promises not to try again:—

"What is the difference between a well-known opera and the railings surrounding Hyde Park?—One is the *Ross of Castile*, the other the *Ross of Cast Iron*."

A SPORTING gentleman who expects to "pull off" the "Oaks" is always singing "Fillies is my only Joy."

SOME time ago we had to tell of a Yankee clergyman who invited his congregation to praise God by "listening" to the choir. An American paper says of the story:—

"It reminds one of an unrepresented memorial to the late Triennial Convention held in this city—presented, or, more properly, to have been presented, by a clerical delegate from beyond the Mississippi. It asked that the words below printed in italic should be added to the *Venite* and the *Te Deum*, so that they should read thus:

"Oh! come, let us," *four or eight, as the case may be*, "sing unto the Lord," etc.

"We," *four or eight, as the case may be*, "praise Thee, O God! we acknowledge Thee," etc.

It was, however, never presented.

A MEDAL has been struck in honour of Rossini by M. Massonnet, the publisher.

Mr. SANTLEY's Rigoletto at Liverpool is thus described by a local critic:—

"The Rigoletto of Santley stands out as almost, if not quite, the best part he has assumed. The humour in his opening music is of a grim, quaint kind, and quickly gives place to the agitation of horror and despair when Monterone curses the ribald followers of the Duke. The agony with which he recurred to it from time to time, in the words, 'Quel vecchio malediami,' was particularly fine; indeed the soliloquy in which he expresses his loathing at his deformity and the part he has to play for the amusement of the Court, was throughout extremely well conceived and most powerfully rendered. The scene with his daughter was peculiarly tender, and his singing of 'Deh non parlor' was the perfection of vocalization and expression, which reached its culminating point on the words 'Dio sic ringraziato,' and in the *ensemble* with Gilda, 'Patria! Parenti.' In the scene where the nobles and attendants taunt him with Gilda's abduction, his acting and singing were alike of the highest order; his simulation of indifference mingled with the deepest anxiety, his impotent rage and denunciation of his tormentors, his grief and appeal for mercy, and finally his dignified dismissal of the cringing crowd when his daughter rushes into his arms, deserved the highest praise, and proved his possession of histrionic powers which we had never given him credit for. The final duet with Gilda, in the second act, was characterized by great force of expression and perfect vocalization, and we have seldom seen a greater success achieved; the house was completely carried away, and not only was the *morceau* encored, but Santley was recalled amidst enthusiastic marks of delight by the audience. His acting during the celebrated quartet and at the close of the last act was highly effective. He was in admirable voice, his force being at times quite startling, whilst in the concerted music, with the good taste of a consummate artist, he was never obtrusively prominent, though invariably effective. Liverpool may well be proud, after the performance of last night, at having produced such an artist."

WAIFS.

Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* is already in its fourth edition.

Vivier played last week at a concert given in Paris by the Minister of Marine.

On her way from St. Petersburg to Paris, Madame Patti will give one representation at Brussels.

Herr Wagner has declined to be present at the forthcoming production of *Rienzi* by M. Pasdeloup.

Early on Sunday morning the Adelaide Gallery, once a great resort of musicians, was nearly destroyed by fire.

De Schelde, described as "a kind of oratorio," by M. Benoit, was produced at Brussels lately, with moderate success.

Signor Ferrari and Signor Randegger have accepted the appointments of professors of singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

M. Alard has gone to the South of France on a professional tour, his place at the Conservatoire being taken by M. White.

Miss Kellogg sang "Sweet Home" as an encore before the Cleveland and Cincinnati audiences, because, as she remarked, "they could not appreciate anything higher."

Mlle. de Murska has been singing at the Italiens in *Maria*. She fairly puzzles the critics, some of whom confess that they know not whether to praise or blame, but want to do both.

The New Orleans people are congratulating the city over the admission of their townsboy, little Mark Kaiser, the violinist, to the Conservatoire of Paris, and prophecy great things of him in the future.

The Tonic Sol-fa Association announce their first performance of the *Messiah* for Thursday next, at Exeter Hall. The soloists are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Signor Foli. Conductor, Mr. Thos. Gardner.

The cemetery of Laeken, near Brussels (Belgium), contains a very touching and brilliant souvenir of Lamartine in the following epitaph, written by him, and engraved in letters of gold upon the tombstone of the gifted Madame Malibran:—

Beauté, génie, amour furent son non de femme,
Inscrit dans son regard, dans son cœur, dans sa voix,
Sous trois formes au ciel appartenait celle d'âme.
Pleurez, terre! . . . et vous, cieux, recevez-la trois fois.

Shakspearean performances are in vogue in New York. Contrary, however, to English experience, comedy proves more remunerative than tragedy. *As You Like It* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have both been successfully produced. *Much Ado About Nothing* has been brought out with fine scenery at Wallack's Theatre. The New Opera-house, one of the handsomest theatres in America, is about to produce the *Tempest*. Miss Josephine Frides, an English actress, has been engaged to play Miranda.

Speaking of Herr Formes as Figaro in *Le Nozze*, the *Liverpool Daily Post* says:—

"In the concluding scene he was not so well in tune as in the earlier portions of the music; but, taking his performance as a whole, we must congratulate him on the marked improvement upon his singing when here last October. His fine sonorous voice told admirably in the concerted music, including the glorious *finale* to the first act, and the septet in the second act. 'Non più andrai' was very well sung, and his acting throughout was characterized by genuine humour and great vivacity."

In the Lower House of the Province of Canterbury, several important motions have been made for the appointment of committees, whose work will, if carried to a successful issue, have a direct bearing upon our choral services. Archdeacon Sandford desires to obtain a committee to prepare a hymn book, to be issued as having the approval of Convocation, for the use of such congregations as might be inclined to adopt it. Archdeacon Ady moves that a committee be appointed to consider what duties, other than those prescribed by law, may be performed by members of cathedral chapters. And, lastly, Canon Oxenden proposes that an additional order of evening prayer be compiled for use when there are three services on the Sunday. With Dr. Jebb, Sir Henry Baker, Chancellor Massingberd, the Deans of Chichester and Ely, and Messrs. Procter and Joyce, in the House, committees well qualified to discuss these matters might easily be chosen.

The *Morning Post* speaks thus of Mr. Brinley Richards' new national song:—

"The earnestness of loyal feeling, sometimes requiring expressing in soul-moving music, gladly welcomes any attempt to furnish the means by which that feeling can be uttered, and thus many effusions gain undeserved popularity because they happen to be the only medium through which fidelity to

prince can be represented in words and music united. A song which satisfies this desire in a full degree, and provides good music set to words of sound sense, without a suspicion of clap-trap, is to be heartily commended. Such is 'The Cambrian Plume.' The words are vigorous, manly, and patriotic, and the music is bold, spirited, and martial; the compass of the song is within the reach of ordinary voices, and will always be effective when well sung; the melody is striking and impressive, and the well-treated chorus after each verse will doubtless add to the popularity of the song, which deserves to be wide and lasting. The composition is one of the most successful efforts of the gifted musician, Brinley Richards, and the words are by an author who—judging from the present specimen of his writing—is entitled to a good place in the rank of our song-writers.

A correspondent of the *Continental Gazette* gives us a peep at some recent West-end *Tableaux Vivants*. He says:—

"The fashion for *Tableaux Vivants* has been revived by the brilliant success of an entertainment of this description at Lady Howard's, about a week since. The programme contained an admirable selection of subjects. Lady Diana Beauclerc represented the 'Spirit of the Waters,' a golden-haired Undine reclining on a bed of ferns near the bank of a stream. This was followed by some exquisite scenes from the life of 'Fair Rosamund,' affording ample opportunity for the display of natural grace and artistic skill on the part of Mrs. Charles Stephenson, and of tragical conception by Mrs. Hambro, assisted by the orthodox dagger and bowl. Then there was a representation of 'Sleeping Beauty,' wherein the fair Marchioness of Townsend assumed the most placid and pleasant expression consistent with an aspect of sleep, and was overlooked by Count Maffei, who tried to look young and interesting, but failed. One scene was exceptionally beautiful—'The Babes in the Wood.' Everything in this Tableau was fresh, vigorous, and pretty; art vied with nature. The Hon. Michael Sardys and Miss Barnes were the Babes, and they wandered through the flowers till they sank to their last sleep, resting on a couch of wild flowerets bathed in a flood of light from the setting sun. The intrusion of Lady Diana Beauclerc, who possessed an apparent confidence in her personal appearance as a woodland spirit, rather diminished the poetical effect. In these days of paint, powder, and hair-dye, this method of providing amusement in private society will not be so difficult to accomplish as it was in times gone by."

"When the subjects of Queen Victoria come to Paris"—writes a correspondent from abroad—"they have generally three distinct objects of pleasure in view. 1. The desire to dine at the best Parisian Restaurant, in order to appreciate the best of French dinners. 2. To drive in the Bois de Boulogne about five o'clock, in order to see all the *mondes*, and especially the *demi-monde*. 3. To go to the theatres where the most popular plays are to be seen. Our friends are a little surprised when they apply for tickets, in order to satisfy desire number three, on hearing that there are no places to be obtained for a week or more. The play is so popular, and the public so eager to see it! They then learn that they can purchase a ticket or hire a box at one of the "theatrical agency" offices on the Boulevards. To this privileged shop they proceed, and find that they can secure any place in the house for any night but the prices are 50 per cent dearer, more or less. If they submit to the swindle and secure tickets, it very often occurs that when they get to the theatre they find that there are vacant stalls and boxes, which are only occupied, if at all, after the performance has commenced. It is an imposition on the public this agency system, which does not prosper. A friend requests me to publish the following observations on this annoyance:—

"Several managers of some of our best theatres have, during the past winter months, been forced to declare themselves insolvent. Conjointly with them the managers of certain theatrical agencies on the Boulevards have been obliged to shut up shop. Altogether, there is much that must be termed 'rotten' in the state of theatricals. To enter into the matter fully, in order to show forth all the real and unreal causes of the general non-success of theatrical undertakings on this side would lead too far for the limits of a newspaper; but there can be no doubt that the so-called *Liberté des Théâtres* has not yet been fraught with the happy results generally anticipated therefrom. The character of the performances is neither instructive nor edifying in any sense; and the prevailing tendency to favour the representation of all kinds of immoralities on and off the stage, combined with a depraved taste for nudities, so much in vogue of late, cannot fail seriously to damage the true interests of the ennobling drama. Then, again, the abominable system of these theatrical agencies, enjoying the benefit of double usury, must assuredly be done away with, or become greatly modified ere long. This system consists in leasing the boxes and stalls of the various theatres at the prices published in the playbills, and obliging the public to pay very much higher prices, according to an arbitrary scale of premiums which these speculative sub-lessees or theatrical agencies choose to impose. Doubtless, these modern harpies also make money advances to the more needy of the managers of theatres on terms, it may be, that would make a Shylock blush. Thus, they are cutting it fine on both tacks. The correctional police authorities may have but little interest or inclination to scrutinize these kind of financial loan operations; but it is to be much regretted that they do not adopt such mea-

sures as will secure the public from the infliction of shameless imposition on the part of these privileged theatrical agencies, yclept 'Algeroens.'

"The correction of this, like so many similar abuses, is entirely in the hands of the public. If the playgoer does not wish to be imposed upon, let him keep away from the theatres, and the imposition will soon disappear."

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From "THE QUEEN," April 6th.

The rapidity with which this gentleman has succeeded in making a reputation is one of the most remarkable circumstances in the annals of musical publication, and one, as far we know, without any precedent. Seven years ago, or thereabouts, Mr. Sydney Smith produced his first piece, "La Harpe Éolienne," a piece that had the frequent advantage of the author's own brilliant performance at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and thenceforward, that which was certainly anything but a name in musical circles before, became at once famous. This popularity has gone on increasing, until the name of Sydney Smith has become a synonym for success; and we verily believe a far larger proportion of the civilized community associate with it the idea of brilliant pianoforte music than récal by it the works and deeds of the worthy divine and the doughty hero who were likewise so distinguished. We are at no loss to account for this success, and, what is more, we are quite disposed to regard it as entirely merited. In the first place, a pleasing and healthy vein of melody is to be found in almost everything Mr. Smith brings before the public; he writes like a musician, and, moreover, added to a capital knowledge of the instrument for which he writes, and its capabilities, he evinces taste and fancy in his passages, and thus ensures the best possible effect. Indeed, it may be said that no music of its class is of so broad, and, shall we add, modern a character. We are ourselves quite satisfied that his success is not a mere thing of the moment, but that it will prove as lasting as it is well deserved.

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